

## Welcome to Gotham!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35750035) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35750035>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Batman - All Media Types</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pamela Isley</a> , <a href="#">Harleen Quinzel</a> , <a href="#">Selina Kyle</a> , <a href="#">Dick Grayson</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Jason Todd</a> , <a href="#">Tim Drake</a> , <a href="#">Stephanie Brown</a> , <a href="#">Wally West</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Dimension Travel</a> , <a href="#">Multiverse</a> , <a href="#">Villain TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">but not really</a> , <a href="#">Vigilante Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Enderman Hybrid Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Good Parent Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Misunderstandings</a> , <a href="#">Miscommunication</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo and Toby Smith   Tubbo Have a Child Named Michael</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 23 of <a href="#">impravidus's folklore</a> , Part 1 of <a href="#">Dream SMP/Batman Crossovers</a> , Part 18 of <a href="#">impravidus's crossover fics</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">incomplete v good fics</a> , <a href="#">Elrics fic rees</a> , <a href="#">i bow before these fics</a> , <a href="#">Crossover with the Dsmp</a> , <a href="#">WOO Insomnia Time</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP Fics (Mainly Tommy (Yeah I'm That Bitch))</a> , <a href="#">Things to fuel my escapism.</a> , <a href="#">the reason i'm an insomniac</a> , <a href="#">cauldronrings favs (◡̷◡̷)♡</a> , <a href="#">goodstuff</a> , <a href="#">hixpatch's all time favorites</a> , <a href="#">Chef's kiss all the way</a> , <a href="#">DreamSMPFics</a> , <a href="#">Fics to save</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-16 Completed: 2023-04-22 Words: 27,382 Chapters: 14/14

# Welcome to Gotham!

by [impravidus](#)

## Summary

The story of how TommyInnit accidentally became a Gotham rogue, Tubbo became a bat, and Ranboo got adopted by Dick Grayson.

OR: Benchtrio dimension travels into the Batman universe.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Canon!Tommy in a vigilante AU what will he do??](#) by [Smallest](#)

# Chapter 1

## TUBBO

Getting thrown through a portal was not on Tubbo's to-do list.

Actually, there wasn't *anything* on his to-do list.

Tubbo does not have a to-do list.

It's been a pretty normal day. He was dyeing some wool to make a sweater for Michael while Ranboo was cooking some soup in the kitchen. Michael has gotten into teething so Tubbo gave him a nice thick ring of gold to gnaw on. They had a disc in the jukebox, just a random one lying around, and it was... peaceful.

And then all of a sudden, he's being sucked into a portal.

It's unlike any portal he's seen. Instead of the swirling, toxic purple that comes with a nether portal, it was bright green.

Tubbo couldn't even manage a scream before he got sucked in.

He's thrown out onto rough black stone, scraping his hands on the way down before landing on his stomach and knocking all of the air out of him.

He groans loudly and goes limp onto the rough ground.

He lies there, head spinning and stomach lurching, but is cut off from his wallowing when there's a loud roar of an unfamiliar alarm.

Tubbo looks up and sees a giant metal... *something* coming at him at an inhuman speed.

He scrambles to his feet and runs out of the way only to almost get hit by another one of the metal beasts.

He falls onto a dirty grey pathway, away from the metal beasts, and grasps his chest breathlessly. People are walking past him, some even stepping over him, as if he's just a block in their path.

None of them seem fazed by the metal beasts speeding past each other right beside them. In fact, they all look at him as if he's the one out of place.

Tubbo's brows furrow.

*Where is he?*

The buildings that surround him tower up into the sky, all packed close together, and unlike anything he's ever seen.

They're all weathered, dirty and old as if they've been there for decades.

Everything he knows in the SMP is new, all built in the new land for the first time. He's never seen anything with so much history in just its foundation.

Tubbo pulls himself to his feet and backs himself into the nearest wall, far away from the chaos he just escaped from.

It's night, he notices. It wasn't night a second ago.

Then again, he also wasn't in a crazy, dirty, old city filled with giant builds and superspeed metal beasts a second ago.

There's the sound of something landing behind him and before Tubbo can react, a shadowy creature appears right in front of his face, looming at its tall height.

"Who are you?" It asks, its voice deep, gravely, and utterly fucking terrifying.

Oh shit.

RANBOO

Aw man. He really wanted that soup.

That shouldn't be his priority. Yes, he just got sucked into a bright portal but, c'mon! He's been cooking this soup for hours. He was really excited about it.

Oh shit.

Michael!

"Michael!" Ranboo shouts.

He hears a soft grumble behind him and he sighs in relief.

"Oh thank Prime. You're okay." He scoops Michael into his arms and cradles him close to his chest, rubbing his hand through his thick pink fur. "You okay, buddy?"

Michael makes a noise of content and Ranboo takes that as a yes.

He looks around and frowns.

It doesn't look like anywhere familiar, but then again, Ranboo may have forgotten about this part of the SMP.

Steadying his grip on Michael, he walks through the unfamiliar streets with the baby piglin in his arms.

Ranboo looks around with wonder at the foreign city, admiring the neon lights and giant buildings, pointing things out to Michael who looks at it with wide eyes. The piglin has his

ring of gold in his mouth, gnawing at it slobberily, slightly stinging Ranboo's skin with the drool that dribbles out of his mouth.

"Look, Michael! A doggy!"

A woman walks past with a dog on a very colorful lead, eyes going wide with horror when she spots Ranboo and Michael, and sprints away from them.

"Huh," Ranboo says. "Guess she didn't want us petting her dog."

They continue their walk, Ranboo still pointing out things to Michael who oinks and grunts in response, and Ranboo wracks his brain on where they've ended up.

A loud siren sounds, growing louder and louder, accompanied by flashing red and blue lights.

Ranboo pauses, turning to see what's causing the odd display, and sees a strange black and white machine approach quickly.

Ranboo's heart picks up, getting ready for potential combat, when the machine slows down and reveals a man inside.

The man is tall and muscular despite his lithe build. He has dark hair and bright blue eyes and seems to be human.

But Ranboo knows better than to make assumptions. And he also knows that humans can be more dangerous than any hybrid he knows.

Ranboo skitters back, clutching Michael tighter, and turning his body away from the man to protect Michael.

"Hey," the man says with a soft voice. "I'm not gonna hurt you."

Ranboo narrows his eyes.

"Can you understand me?"

Ranboo nods silently.

"Alright," he says. He talks to Ranboo like he's a spooked animal and Ranboo doesn't know how to feel about that. "My name is Officer Richard Grayson. What's your name?"

A distressed warble leaves Ranboo's lips before he can stop it. The man, Officer Richard Grayson, reacts to this but quickly schools his expression.

"Ranboo," he says.

"Nice to meet you, Ranboo," Officer Richard Grayson says. "Do you know how you got here?"

Ranboo shakes his head. He pauses, and then nods.

Officer Richard Grayson looks at him expectantly and Ranboo realizes he wants him to tell him.

“There was a portal,” Ranboo says. “Green.”

“Okay,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “Do you have anywhere to stay?”

Ranboo shakes his head.

“How about you come with me? We can figure something out.”

Ranboo shouldn't trust so easily. He's been scorned by so many, knows that there are monsters in the nicest of people, and knows that the world isn't kind and safe.

But he's also scared. And lost. And confused.

And Officer Richard Grayson doesn't seem deceptive. He seems like he really wants to help Ranboo.

And Ranboo needs all the help he can get to go back home.

“Okay.”

## TOMMY

This is what Tommy gets for trying to be a good person.

Tommy was heading over to Tubbo and Ranboob's place to bring Tubbo more roses for his dye when he's sucked into a literal disembodied green portal.

What's up with that?!

Tommy gets spit out in the middle of a forest and he gets a mouthful of dirt on the way down.

“Ah, motherfucker,” Tommy curses, spitting the dirt out of his mouth. He looks around and squints in the darkness. “What?”

He goes to get up but finds that he's trapped under a root. His breath hitches and he tries harder but only feels more roots cover his back.

His breathing quickens and he struggles against the roots that bury him beneath them and coil around him.

“Help!” he shouts but is cut off when a vine wraps around his mouth, gagging him.

He trembles with fear, tears pooling in his eyes as he realizes he's trapped and at the mercy of whoever trapped him.

Just moments in this unfamiliar place and he's already being hunted. Tommy would never let him fool himself into believing he's ever really free from those who want to hurt him, but he

was *safe*. He was just outside Tubbo's house without even a piece of armor on, a bouquet of roses in his hands. He wasn't... he was supposed to be...

Someone approaches, their footsteps loud as they crunch leaves. They click their tongue.

"Now what do we have here?" they say.

Tommy doesn't whimper or sob. No, he definitely doesn't.

A woman squats in front of him and the vines tilt him up to face her. She had a smirk on her face but it falls when she sees Tommy.

She flicks her wrist and the vines and roots release him. He gasps when the pressure disappears and scrambles away from the woman.

"What are you doing in my forest, kid?" the woman asks.

"I don't know," Tommy says. "Got spit out here."

"Spit out?" she repeats.

"Portal," he says. "But not a normal portal. Green and no obsidian at all. Really, I didn't mean to come into, uh, *your* forest so if you just let me on my merry way, I will get out of your hair and just... never come back and never bother you again, alright?"

"Hm," she says. "No."

He stills. "No?"

"No," she says again. "You're coming with me."

Tommy breathing quickens again, quickly becoming hyperventilation.

He just got free from Dream, now he's been taken by a lady with magic plants? Fuck no. He can't let that happen.

He books it. Runs as fast as he can, but it doesn't last long when a vine grabs his ankle and sends him plummeting to the ground.

"Hey," she says, her voice soft and sweet. "I just want to help."

"No you don't," Tommy says.

"Yes," she says. "I do." she sits in front of him. "You're not from around here, are you?"

"Where is here?" Tommy asks.

"Gotham." She goes to brush the leaves out of his hair.

"Never heard of it," Tommy says with a snarl.

She smiles. “Well, welcome to Gotham, kid. Because believe it or not, I’m one of the nice ones.”



## Chapter 2

TUBBO

“Who are you?”

Okay, Tubbo may have a constant ringing in his ears and can’t exactly pick up soft consonants in his left ear but he’s not *deaf*. The shadow entity did not have to repeat that again, especially when Tubbo very clearly heard him the first time.

What comes out of Tubbo’s mouth is not a response. More of a “huahuhauuuuh” if you will.

The shadow entity stares him down with its piercing all white eyes. It takes a step towards Tubbo and Tubbo scrambles away, heart pounding.

The shadow entity stills, a frown on its lips.

“What are the metal beasts?” Tubbo blurts out. “Because I got attacked by one and I-I’ve never seen one before. Is it made of iron?”

The shadow entity frowns more, something that Tubbo did not realize was possible. “The... car?”

“Car,” Tubbo repeats. “Car?”

“It’s used for transportation,” it says.

“Like a minecart?” Tubbo asks.

The shadow entity tilts its head curiously.

“It’s faster than any minecart I’ve seen,” Tubbo says. “I mean, really, most things are faster than minecarts. Even traveling by horse is faster usually which is why no one bothers making railways anymore.” Tubbo stops. “Sorry, if you can’t tell I’m trying to prolong the wait to my inevitable death so uh, I’m just gonna keep talking which is *such* a Tommy thing to do but I guess he rubbed off on me and *man* he would get a laugh at me saying that not because I’m being like him but because of the obvious innuendo—”

“Stop.”

“Okay!” Tubbo squeaks.

“I’m not going to kill you,” it says.

“You’re not?” Tubbo asks.

“No,” it says, pursing its lips. “I don’t kill.”

“Well, good for you, I guess,” Tubbo says. “Can’t imagine having the choice not to kill in this economy. I mean, surely you kill for food, right? I can’t imagine living offa crops and bread all the time.”

“Killing for... food?” it asks slowly. “Like livestock?”

“What else?” Tubbo says. “It’s not like I’m out here eating zombie flesh.”

“Zombie... flesh.”

Tubbo furrows his brows. “I’m sorry but uh, if you’re not here to kill me then what exactly are you doing here?”

“You came out of a portal,” it says bluntly.

“Yes...?” Tubbo says. “Is that a... problem?”

“Yes.”

Tubbo’s face falls. “Oh.”

“I suspect you are not in the right time,” it finally says.

His eyes go wide. “Woah, like time travel?”

“Exactly like time travel.”

Tubbo’s jaw drops. “Woah.”

“Tell me about where you come from,” it says.

“Well,” Tubbo says. “If you wanna be really basic, you’ve got a few big subsets of people.” Tubbo knows he can’t go into the specifics of everything in the SMP but he can at least talk about the basics. “There’s the miners who are rather grinding to get the best gear or are getting materials for builders. Then there’s the builders who... well... build. There’s the farmers too but most people have their own farms even if you’re a miner or a builder. Honestly, there’s a lot of overlap. You can’t really survive if you can’t hold your own in all three. There are the PvPers who train in combat and there’s politicians who do what they can to get in charge and there’s all sorts of other things but there’s not many of them like doctors or bakers. But, uh, yeah. Yeah.”

“Hn.”

Tubbo feels uneasy as the shadow entity scrutinizes him in an intense silence.

“Come with me,” it says.

“What?” Tubbo says, startled.

“Come with me,” it says again.

And, well, Tubbo has never been known for his self preservation skills, so he turns to the shadow entity and shrugs.

“Yeah, okay, sure. Why not?”

## RANBOO

Officer Richard Grayson leads them into his black and white machine and Ranboo holds Michael on his lap, staring out the window as the city moves quickly past them.

“So,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “What do you think so far?”

“Of what?” Ranboo asks.

“Of,” he stops himself, obviously wanting to say something else. “Of Bludhaven.”

“Is that where we are?” Ranboo asks.

“This city, at least,” he says. “Where are you from?”

“I don’t know where I’m *from* from,” Ranboo admits. “But I lived in a place called Snowchester.”

“Explains what you’re wearing,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “Cold there then?”

“Very,” Ranboo says. “But I like it there. It’s nice. No explosions yet.”

Officer Richard Grayson’s smile falters. “There’s been a lot of explosions where you’re from?”

“Oh yeah,” Ranboo says. “Some of them happened before I came but there’s a big hole where my husband’s country used to be.”

“I’m sorry,” Officer Richard Grayson says.

“Why?” Ranboo asks. “You didn’t blow it up.” He pauses. “Unless you did and I forgot. Did I forget?”

“You didn’t forget,” he reassures.

“I forget a lot of stuff,” Ranboo says. “I don’t know why.” He chuckles. “I probably forgot.”

Michael oinks loudly, butting his head into Ranboo’s chest.

“What’s up, little dude?” Ranboo murmurs.

He groans and smacks his lips together before going back to gnaw at his gold ring.

“Oh, I know,” Ranboo coos. “You wanted that soup.”

“I think there’s a granola bar in the glove box — the, uh, it’s in front of you, just press the button, uh huh, yeah — if he’s hungry. Does he have any allergies?”

“Uh, nothing with food,” Ranboo says. “Unless there’s soulfire in these gra-nola bars.”

“No soulfire in the granola bar,” Officer Richard Grayson says with a soft, slightly confused laugh.

“And we try not to give him anything with pork, because well, you know.”

“Of course,” he says. “It’s just nuts and chocolate I’m pretty sure.”

“That sounds yummy, huh, Michael?” Ranboo says to Michael.

Michael oinks happily, making grabby hands at the ‘glove box.’

“Alright, alright,” Ranboo says. Carefully, he reaches around Michael and opens it. “What does the gra-nola bar look like?”

“It should be a small rectangle in blue shiny packaging,” Officer Richard Grayson says.

“Oh! I see it.” Ranboo grabs it and holds it up to Michael’s mouth who goes to take a bite but Office Richard Grayson makes a noise of alarm.

“You have to take it out of its packaging,” he says.

“Oh,” Ranboo says. It takes a few moments of fumbling until he frees the granola bar from its shiny covering. “Oooh,” Ranboo says to Michael. “Yummy yummy.”

Michael nibbles at the granola bar, making a mess of crumbs on Ranboo’s lap.

“So, Michael, is he yours?” Officer Richard Grayson asks.

“My husband and I found him,” he says. “I don’t think I’m capable of having children with my husband but we’re not really like that anyways.”

“Ah okay.” He nods. “Well, he’s adorable.”

“Isn’t he?” Ranboo says. “He’s basically perfect, except when you’ve got a golden carrot. He goes crazy over those things. They’re his favorite food.”

“He likes gold,” Officer Richard Grayson says. He glances at the gold ring on Michael’s lap.

“Piglins love gold,” Ranboo says, petting the top of Michael’s head.

“What else does he like?”

“Well, he used to be a jockey,” Ranboo says. “But we’re not sure if he rode chickens because he could or because he liked to.” His eyes sadden. “His chicken died a couple months back. Michael was really torn up about it.” He smiles. “But we got him a new chicken. It lives in his room with him.”

“Huh,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “Huh.”

“Have you ever had a chicken?”

“No,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “But my kid has a turkey.”

Ranboo grins. “Nice.”

## TOMMY

Turns out the plant lady is pretty cool.

Her name is Pamela but she told Tommy to call her Pam and she’s got not one but *two* wives which is more wives than Tommy’s ever had (though he’d never admit it). She’s a total badass and she’s also a *doctor* but like a plant doctor.

“So, Tommy,” Pam says. “This portal. Did you make it?”

“Oh, Prime, no. I had shit to do! I wouldn’t just send myself to some random forest when I had big man stuff to do.”

“Do you know who made the portal?” she asks.

“Fuck if I know,” Tommy says. “But you know what? I think I’ve got some suspicions because the color of the portal was pretty sus.”

“What’s so important about the color?” she asks.

“It was bright green and... well...” He trails off. “I know someone who loves his neon green and doesn’t like me.”

Pam frowns, face twisted in a complicated way that Tommy doesn’t have the energy to decipher. “You got a lot of enemies?”

Tommy snorts. “You could say that.” He chuckles humorlessly. “Depends on what you consider an enemy. Lots of people want me dead or gone. Lots of people don’t particularly like me much. But, really, the line between the two’s pretty blurred.”

“What’d you do?” Pam asks.

“What didn’t I do?” Tommy says. “I was... selfish, I guess. At least, that’s what he told me I was. Cared too much about the wrong things. Cared too much about myself than everyone else.” He swipes at his eyes with the back of his palm, embarrassed. “Didn’t want to hurt anybody. Never wanted to hurt anyone. I didn’t.”

“I believe you,” Pam says.

“I was just havin’ fun. Fuckin’ around. It wasn’t supposed to... I never meant for it to...”

“I hear you,” Pam says. “It’s okay.”

“But it’s not,” Tommy says. “It’s not okay because look where it got me! Where it got everyone. L’Manberg’s blown up to shit and everyone’s gone and nothing’s the same and I just wanted to have fun with my friends, you know? It was supposed to be fun. It was never supposed to...”

Tommy’s breaths are getting faster and faster, making his chest feel fuzzy and floaty. His temples throb and he squeezes his eyes shut to stop the splotches clouding his vision.

“Hey, it’s alright,” Pam says. “Just breathe with me, okay? Just breathe.”

Tommy can’t *breathe*. What a ridiculous thing to tell him to do.

“Come on, kid. Harley’s the shrink, not me. Just breathe. Follow me, alright?”

She takes an exaggerated breath in and then pushes it out loudly.

Tommy tries to follow but ends up just hiccuping through it and gasping in air quickly.

“That’s it,” she says. “Again.”

Another breath in. Another breath out.

Tommy puts all his focus on it, trying his best to follow, until his head finally stops swirling.

Prime, how embarrassing. He totally lost it in front of this stranger. Even worse, he let his guard down around someone who is more than capable of taking him down at his best, let alone his worst. It makes him feel uneasy, having the knowledge that she could kill him with just the flick of her wrist and he couldn’t even try to stop her.

But she’s so nice. And he doesn’t think she wants to kill him.

But then again, the people he thinks wouldn’t always do, don’t they?

“You feeling better, kid?” she asks.

Tommy nods. “I’m better than better!” he says, trying to brush off his breakdown, but it isn’t very convincing.

She frowns again, something that he’s getting used to on her features. “I bet you built up an appetite, huh? How’s some pizza sound?”

“What’s pizza?”

She grins. “Oh, I’m about to blow your mind.”

## Chapter 3

### TUBBO

The shadow entity puts him into a metal beast and they move at speeds faster than Tubbo has ever traveled.

He can't *feel* them moving that fast, but he can see as the world outside of its windows blurs while it moves.

The shadow entity frowns, its hands on the circle in front of it, holding on with a tight grip. Sometimes it turns the circle and the metal beast moves too.

Tubbo doesn't think he could control the metal beast like the shadow entity can.

The metal beast leaves the dim lit city into gravel-like backroads until it leads into an opening cave.

That's some intricate redstone with the sticky pistons, Tubbo thinks to himself.

Tubbo is amazed as it closes behind him smoothly and he tries to spot any of the redstone lines but finds none.

The shadow entity glances at him but doesn't say anything.

The cave is giant, illuminated by bright unfamiliar lights. They pull into the brightest part of the cave and Tubbo's jaw drops as he sees it.

It's filled with amazing things he's never seen before. A huge copper plate with a man carved in the center. A giant lizard that he's not sure if it's real or not. Glass cases of brightly colored outfits.

"Wow," Tubbo says. "You must've grinded for forever to get all of this."

"We worked hard to get it all, yes," the shadow entity says.

Well, now that Tubbo sees him in the light, it's not very... shadowy.

It's actually very... manlike.

The shadow man sits down in front of big black boxes and they blink to life, bright and multicolored. When he moves his hand, the images on the boxes move.

"Woah," Tubbo says. "I think the only time I've seen redstone this good is when Fundy..." He trails off. The shadow man probably doesn't care and he's obviously busy.

"What is redstone?" he asks.

Tubbo's brows furrow. "You don't have redstone?"

He shakes his head, the motion nearly unnoticeable if not for Tubbo's trained eye.

"It runs stuff? I guess? Like the powered rails and compasses and clocks and lamps and stuff. If you're good with redstone you can do shit with pistons and dispensers and repeaters. I don't know. It's not really my thing."

"That sounds very... advanced."

Tubbo shrugs. "It is what it is."

"Could you tell me more about this redstone?"

"I think I've got some in my inventory." He reaches into his inventory and grabs some redstone.

The shadow man seems startled to see the redstone appear into Tubbo's hand. "How did you do that?"

Tubbo gives him an odd look. "I... got it from my inventory?"

"Your what?"

"Inventory," Tubbo says. "You... you know. Your inventory?"

"I do not know."

"Really?" Tubbo asks. "Weird. It's like... you keep stuff there. You know?"

"Is it... some sort of pocket dimension?"

Tubbo chuckles. "No it's just... it's your inventory! I don't know how to explain it."

"How much can you keep in your inventory?"

"Uh, there's thirty five slots and if you've got max stacks of sixty four in all of them then... uh... sorry, big man. I'm not a math genius. I can't just do the mental multiplication."

"That's over two thousand," he says.

"Well then uh... yeah. That much. Yeah." Tubbo shrugs again lamely.

"What is a stack?"

"I don't know how to explain it. It's like... you know. It stacks. And then it stops stacking. I don't know."

"Could you give me an example of a 'stack?'" Tubbo swears he can hear the quotation marks on the word.



“Yeah, sure, bossman.” Tubbo drops the redstone on the ground and it all crowds together in the floating stack, slightly separated as it spins.

The shadow man stares at it, shoulders tight. When he goes to pick it up, it doesn’t get sucked into his inventory. Instead he picks it up in his hands, the stack spinning in his palms. “It’s surprisingly light in this form.”

“Yeah I guess,” Tubbo says. “I mean, it’s kinda gotta be.”

The shadow man looks up. “Do you have anything heavier?”

“Sure.” Tubbo holds out his hand and lets the redstone go back into his inventory. He pulls out the stack of dirt he still has from his terraforming in the garden. He drops it. “There you go.”

The shadow man goes to pick it up again and is astonished to silence. “This is light too.”

“Well it’s not when you place it.”

“Place it?”

“You know,” Tubbo says, though he’s suspecting he really doesn’t. He takes the dirt back and places some on the ground.

The shadow man stares at the perfect square he’s placed. “How does it keep its shape?”

“You’ve gotta, like, mold it if you want a different shape. Or, I don’t know. You can place it however you want. But cubes are easiest.”

The shadow man cautiously goes to pick up the cube but stills. “This is heavy.”

“Yeah...? Dirt’s heavy, big man.”

“But it wasn’t heavy before.”

“Uh huh?” Tubbo’s brows scrunch. “It’s just like that.”

“It isn’t like that here.”

Tubbo’s brows scrunch even more. “And where is *here*?”

“Not where you’re from.”

And if that isn’t cryptic and ominous, then Tubbo doesn’t know what is.

RANBOO

“It’s raining cats and dogs out there.”

Ranboo looks out of the window. “Actually, I think it’s raining water.”

Officer Richard Grayson chuckles. “It’s an expression.”

“Ah,” Ranboo says. “I’m not good at those.”

“That’s alright,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “I’ll try to remember that.” Officer Richard Grayson brings the black and white machine to a stop when they get under a big concrete covering filled with other moving machines. “Alright. You ready to come in? I just have to finish up a few things and we can head out.”

“It’s raining,” Ranboo says.

“Is that a problem?”

Ranboo gulps. “Uh. No. It’s not.”

Officer Richard Grayson opens his door and gets out but Ranboo looks at the pouring rain outside of the concrete cover with hesitance. Ranboo gets out, Michael still in his arms, and sees a strange ramp of stone in the corner. Surely that won’t be missed, right?

He creeps over and starts to punch at the stone.

“Woah, woah, what are you doing?” Officer Richard Grayson exclaims, concern evident in his voice. “Don’t hurt yourself.”

Ranboo glances over at him, still punching at the ramp. “I’m not hurting myself.”

Ugh, he hates using his silk touch hands on stone. It takes *forever*.

Finally, it breaks and pops into his inventory.

Officer Richard Grayson stares. “Uhm.”

Ranboo pulls it out and holds it over his head, a perfect covering from the rain. “Alright. I’m ready to go.”

“How— I— you—” Officer Richard Grayson gawks. “*Huh?!*”

“Huh?” Ranboo says. He looks down at the slab. “Oh, right sorry. Silk touch hands. It’s an enderman thing.”

“Is that what you are? An enderman?”

“I don’t really know to be honest. I’m part enderman. Don’t know what the other part is.” He hums. “It is truly a mystery.”

“...Right.” Officer Richard Grayson clears his throat. “Well, uh. Just follow me.”

Ranboo does follow, the slab held above his head to block the rain. Michael oinks happily at the rain, wiggling in Ranboo’s arms.

“So,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “You mentioned that Michael is a Pigling?”

“Piglin,” Ranboo corrects.

“Right,” he says. “Do they have any... special abilities? Like you?”

“Well, he’s immune to fire and lava,” Ranboo says. “And potions of harming actually heal him. I think he can see in the dark because he never seems to have trouble in it. He may be immortal. We’re not really sure. But, uh, yeah.”

Something on Officer Richard Grayson’s face sours at the last part but he says nothing. “And what do you have from being part enderman?”

“I mean, I can’t teleport like they can, unless I’m enderwalking. I’ve got the particles that I communicate with. I’ve got the silk touch hands thing and it...” He huffs. “I can’t explain it but it just makes me feel better when I move around blocks. I don’t know why.” He hisses as Michael presses a wet hoof to his chest. “And of course, the water thing.”

“The water thing?”

“It burns me,” Ranboo says simply.

Officer Richard Grayson gasp. “Oh my gosh. If I’d known, I would’ve gotten you an umbrella. Come on, let’s get inside.”

Michael grunts softly in piglin. He nibbles at the collar of Ranboo’s shirt.

“You still hungry?” Ranboo murmurs. Ranboo looks up sheepishly. “Sorry. He’s a growing boy.”

“Don’t be sorry,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “I’ll get him something.”

“Thank you.”

He smiles softly. “You’re welcome.” He stops at a big, brick building.

“What is this place?” Ranboo asks, awed by the build.

“Welcome to the Bludhaven Police Department.”

“Gross,” Ranboo says. “My husband is ACAB.”

Officer Richard Grayson’s smile falls. “Oh.”

“It’s okay,” Ranboo says. “You don’t seem like you partake in unnecessary police brutality so you’re chill.”

“Uh, thanks?”

Michael eyes catch sight of Officer Richard Grayson’s golden patch on the side of his shirt. Michael grunts loudly, making grabby hands at it.

“Michael,” Ranboo says firmly.

“No, it’s alright,” Officer Richard Grayson says. He turns and brings his arm closer.

Michael presses his hoof against it and lets out a bubbly giggle and murmurs in piglin.

“He thinks your gold star is very pretty,” Ranboo says.

“Well, thank you, Michael,” Officer Richard Grayson says.

Ranboo tugs at Michael’s sweater. “C’mon, Michael. Let’s get you some more nummies.”

“Follow me.”

## TOMMY

“Holy shit.”

Tommy moans loudly, something a little too lewd for what had prompted it, but he can’t help it. This is the best thing he’s ever eaten.

It’s greasy and it’s cheesy and it’s bready and it’s got this weird circle meat and it’s absolutely perfect.

“Good?” Pam asks.

“Better than good,” Tommy says. “I can’t believe no one has ever made this before.”

“No one?”

“Well, if they have, they sure as shit didn’t give it to me,” Tommy says. “What’s this, this, this meat circle stuff?”

“Pepperoni?”

“Right, sure. What is it?”

“Uh,” Pam says. “I think it’s pork and beef.”

“Unbelievable,” Tommy says with a bitter laugh. “We’ve *got* that stuff! We could’ve been making this for ages!”

“You know, there’s other kinds of pizza,” Pam says nonchalantly, but she’s watching for his response.

“Shut up,” Tommy says, no heat behind the words, more eager excitement.

“If you stick around, we can try every kind. See which one you like the most.”

“What kinds are there?” Tommy asks, eyes wide with an almost childlike curiosity. The change is refreshing to Pam, to see him act his age.

“Well there’s deep dish, same kind of stuff but it’s made in a bigger pan so there’s more bread and more... stuff. There’s meat lovers with pepperoni and sausage and ham. There’s vegetarian with peppers and onions and mushrooms. And there’s Hawaiian which is a very controversial kind of pizza.”

Tommy perks up. “I *love* controversy.”

Pam laughs. “I’m sure you do.”

“What makes the pizza Hawaiian?”

“It has ham and pineapple on it.”

“Pineapple?” Tommy asks. “I’ve never had apples from pine trees before.”

“Oh, no, it’s a tropical fruit,” Pam says. “Sort of tangy. Has a bite to it.”

“It *bites* you?!” Tommy exclaims.

“No, I just mean that it has a bold flavor,” Pam says.

“Oh,” Tommy says. He puffs his chest a bit. “I totally knew that.”

“You done with your plate?” Pam asks.

“Oh, yeah. I am.” Tommy grabs his plate off the table. “Where do you want me to put it?”

“There’s a trashcan upstairs in the kitchen,” Pam says.

She’s about to lead him to the stairs to the loft when he suddenly starts parkouring up to overhanging room.

She watches speechlessly as he conjures ladders and places them seconds before landing on the wall, climbing with impossible speeds and throwing himself over the railing of the loft and landing with a roll.

With a dropped jaw, she runs up the stairs to catch up with him.

He pays her no mind. He’s already thrown away his plate and is playing with the sink with wonder.

“Where did you learn to do that?” she asks.

“Huh?” Tommy asks, looking up from the sink he keeps turning on and off. “Oh. I mean, I’m pretty self taught.”

“You figured that out yourself?” she asks incredulously.

He snorts. “Like it’s hard?”

She just stares at him with disbelief. Suddenly, she gets the perfect idea. “I think I know the exact person you need to meet.”

## Chapter 4

### TUBBO

The shadow man is very confusing.

He doesn't know a lot of stuff which is weird because it would make more sense if Tubbo didn't know stuff because apparently he's from the past.

That's okay, though. Maybe society has moved on so much that inventories and stacks became obsolete.

Sounds like it sucks, but that's not his problem.

The shadow man has been staring at the stack of dirt and the singular cube with an extremely constipated look.

"Well, uh, anyways," Tubbo says awkwardly. He pulls a shovel from his inventory and mines the dirt, letting the items slurp back into his inventory.

The shadow man makes a strangled noise.

"You alright, bossman?" Tubbo asks with a chuckle.

The shadow man is about to respond when there's a sudden loud roar. Tubbo flinches, not knowing what kind of mob makes that noise, but the shadow man doesn't seem concerned.

A metal beast enters the cave and when it parks, two young women in strange black and gold outfits and a kid a little younger than Tubbo wearing bright red and green with a black cape exit it.

"Father! Brown strayed from our patrol route to order dinner at Batburger!" The boy stomps up to the shadow man with his arms crossed.

"It's hardly dinner," the blonde girl — Brown? — says with a scoff. "It's a late night snack."

"It was an unnecessary stray from our duties! Imagine the crime that could've arisen while you were stuffing your face."

"Hey!" Brown exclaims. "What did we say about fatshaming?"

The boy scowls. "That it is unacceptable and a product of a misogynistic patriarch," he grumbles.

She grins. "That's right."

*"Who?"*

Tubbo jumps at the voice that has suddenly appeared behind him with a not very manly screech. He holds his chest as he pants from the shock. The dark haired girl stands there, head cocked as she scrutinizes him.

The shadow man clears his throat. "I found this potential time traveler, most likely from an alternate dimension."

"Alternate dimension?" Tubbo says, impressed and intrigued. "Pog."

"Woah woah wait, alternate dimension?" Brown asks. "How alternate are we talking?"

"Quite alternate," the shadow man says. "He has some sort of pocket dimension inner mechanism that he refers to as an 'inventory' and an innate entity manipulation power that morphs the mass and form of objects."

"That is... so cool," Brown says. "So like... how does it work?"

"I don't know," Tubbo says with furrowed brows. "It's just like... that's how it be. That's like asking me how breathing works. No one knows how that works."

The shadow man frowns. "Actually, there are thousands of verifiable scientific studies that can explain—"

"Ugh, B, he's from the past!" Brown says. "He doesn't know science! I bet he still uses holistic medicine."

Tubbo frowns. "If potions count as hole-is-tic medicine then I guess I do."

"*Potions?*" Brown gasps. "It's official. You just became like a million times more interesting."

"Oh, was the pocket dimensions and entity manipulation not interesting enough for you?" the boy in the cape asks flatly.

"Okay, that was cool too, but this guys like a straight up witch!"

"I'm not a witch," Tubbo says. "Witches suck. Anyone can make potions. You just... make them. You know?"

"Can you teach me how to make potions?" Brown asks excitedly.

"Yeah sure!" Tubbo says with a smile. "Can you show me how to control the metal beast?"

Brown grins mischievously. "Oh, we're gonna cause so much chaos together."

Tubbo smiles wider. "I can't wait."

RANBOO



The place that Officer Richard Grayson guides him through is very confusing. Lots of rooms with glass windows and some without glass windows and a bunch of messy desks with people wearing the same thing as Officer Richard Grayson sitting at them.

Officer Richard Grayson takes him to a room with just a table and chairs and tells him to wait. He says he'll be back with something for him and Michael to 'munch on' while they ask him a few questions.

Now, Ranboo knows a lot about interrogations.

Or actually.

No he doesn't.

But he knows *of* them and this sure does seem like an interrogation.

Or maybe this is just Officer Richard Grayson asking him questions to help him get back home.

He wants to believe that that's all it is but Ranboo knows he can't just trust when people are being nice for no reason. Usually they are being nice for a reason and Ranboo doesn't know what the reason is.

Officer Richard Grayson does come back with a thin white bag that makes a lot of noise.

Officer Richard Grayson places the bag in front of Ranboo and starts pulling stuff out of it. There's two small bright yellow bags made of the same shiny material that the blue shell of the gra-nola bar was made of. There's also what looks like a strange glass-not-glass bottle of water. There's also a muffin. That one, Ranboo does recognize.

"Something for you to eat," Officer Richard Grayson says. He grabs the yellow bag and rips it open, revealing... something. "They're potato chips," Officer Richard Grayson says. "Thought it was a good safe food for you." He picks up the glass-not-glass bottle. "The water is for Michael. I wasn't sure if there was anything you could drink because you said that water burns you."

"Thank you," Ranboo says softly. He grabs a potato chip from the bag and brings it up to Michael's lips. He sniffs it curiously and then grabs it quickly from Ranboo's hand, crunching loudly as he chews. He snorts happily and makes grabby hands at the bag. "Think you can manage having your snack while I talk with the grown ups?" Ranboo asks Michael. Michael nods and grabs the bag, wiggling happily as he chows down.

There's a knock at the door and a woman wearing the same thing as Officer Richard Grayson pops her head in.

Officer Richard Grayson perks up. "Oh, Ranboo, this is Captain Amy Rohrbach. She's the head of our sector of the police department."

Ranboo squints at her with slight distrust.

Officer Richard Grayson clears his throat uncomfortably. “Uh, Amy. He had mentioned that his husband is, uh, wary of the police.”

Her eyes go wide. She schools her expression quickly but the surprise and confusion don’t quite leave her face. “Well, I can assure you that there is nothing for you to worry about. We just want to help you the best we can.” Ranboo doesn’t believe that but okay. Captain Amy Rohrbach turns to Officer Richard Grayson. “I just came to tell you that you’re done with your patrol tonight. This is your top priority.”

“Thanks, Ams,” Officer Richard Grayson says.

“Nice meeting you, Ranboo,” she says. And with that she’s gone.

“So,” Officer Richard Grayson says, taking the seat across from Ranboo. “I know you must be confused.”

“Uh, yeah,” Ranboo says. “I am.”

“I hope this isn’t rude to ask, but what planet are you from?”

Ranboo blinks. He blinks again.

He should know this, right? He’s probably learned this at some point but that’s not really Necessary Information. He probably hasn’t even written it in his memory book.

Oh yikes. He really doesn’t know.

That’s... super embarrassing.

Just play it cool, Ranboo.

“Uh,” Ranboo says. “Next question.”

Oh yeah. So cool. Totally cool.

Officer Richard Grayson smiles softly. “Yeah, of course. Are there any accommodations you need? Besides the water and the soulfire for Michael?”

“Uh... I don’t... think so?” Should he mention his memory thing? He doesn’t think that’s relevant. Yeah. No, it’s fine. He won’t mention it.

“Do you have any way to communicate back to where you’re from?”

“Hm,” Ranboo says. He pulls out his communicator and sees that it doesn’t even turn on. He presses at the on button, the motion quickly growing frantic, and the screen stays black. “That is... not good.” Ranboo looks up. “That is... really not good.”

TOMMY

Tommy thinks he might explode.

He's got to meet not *one* BAMF beautiful woman but *two*.

Selina, Pam's wife that wears a black suit so skintight that Tommy just assumed that it was some sort of rubbery flesh, is the coolest woman that Tommy has ever met.

And why is she so cool you may ask.

Because she's a parkour *master*.

Tommy thinks she could probably win MCC Parkour Warrior if she put her mind to it she's that good.

They end up just jumping around the course that she has set up in their crazy big basement (that has other super cool stuff that they said he can't touch but he wants to touch really bad) until they're both exhausted.

Now, Tommy used to be a sprightly young man, but after inhaling too much smoke, smog, and gunpowder, his lungs aren't exactly what they used to be.

So, like a loser, he's wheezing at the top of the parkour courses, trying to catch his breath.

Knowing that he won't make it down the long way, he jumps down, readying his water bucket in his inventory.

To his surprise, Pam and Selina scream in horror.

He looks at them with confusion but looks back down so he can catch himself with a perfect MLG before scooping up the water in his bucket again.

Pam and Selina sprint to him, slightly stumbling, faces frozen in fear.

"You alright?" Tommy asks with a chuckle.

"You— you just— how— *what?!'*"

"What?" Tommy asks, squirming under their stares.

"What was that?" Selina demands.

"It was just a water bucket MLG?" Tommy says. "C'mon, don't tell me you've never MLGed."

"No, I most certainly have not," Selina says, jaw still slightly dropped. "How does it work?"

"You just... you know. The water makes you not take fall damage? So you place it when the ground is close enough and... yeah." He shrugs lamely.

"What do you mean fall damage?" Pam asks.

"You know!" Tommy says. "You fall. You take damage."

“But how does the water make you not... take fall damage?”

“It’s water!” Tommy sighs exasperatedly. “It’s like... scaffolding and spiderwebs and slime blocks. They just... do that.”

They just stare at him, gaping.

“Tommy... I feel like I should’ve asked this,” Pam says. “Where did you come from?”

“What’d ya mean?” Tommy asks.

“I mean...” She sighs. “That portal. I don’t think it just teleported you to Gotham. I think it teleported you to... this world.”

“Oh,” Tommy says. “Huh.” He blinks. “Pog.” He looks up at them. “I wonder if there’s another me somewhere.” His eyes narrow with determination. “I want to fight him. I bet I can win. He’s probably a pussy.”

Tommy could totally beat himself in a fight. Unless he’s like... buff here. Imagine that. Him but buff.

Uh, but he’s totally got muscles now! He’s very muscular.

He unthinkingly flexes his muscles to himself to prove to himself that he’s got them.

Yeah. He’d win.

Probably.

## Chapter 5

### TUBBO

“Well!” Brown claps her hands. “As much as I’d love to have a crash course in potionmaking, I’m fucking spent from patrol. So, I’m gonna go take a shower so long that it’ll make a dent in the water bill, wait what am I saying, you’re a billionaire, you won’t even notice.” She shakes her head. “And *then* I’m going to eat an entire tray of pizza rolls.” She holds up her index and middle finger. “Deuces!” And with that, she disappears. Not literally, of course, but like the shadow man, she blends with the darkness of the cave silently as if she was never there.

“I too will be showering,” cape boy says. “To rid myself of my cursed ‘pubescent wrank’ as Brown would say.” He frowns for a moment and then also disappears into the shadows.

“Well,” the shadow man says. “It seems you’ll be staying with us for the time being, so it’d be best if we get you acclimated.”

“Small like Tim,” the dark haired girl that hasn’t said much says.

“Hn,” the shadow man grunts. “He should be Tim’s size, you’re right. He should be back with Red Hood soon.”

As if on cue, another roar sounds, but this time, instead of a metal beast, it was two people on thin metal horse-minecart-things.

The top of the smaller one’s face is fully black, with human-y flesh poking out at the hole around the mouth. The other has a thick red shell for a head. Tubbo is trying to figure out what sort of mob he is but he can’t seem to place it. Maybe he’s an android?

The one with the half black face gets off of their horse-minecart-thing and covers their ears with their hands. “La la la, I can’t hear you!”

“You fucking idiot, the comm is inside your fucking ear. You can still hear me!” The voice is tinny and robotic and Tubbo confirms in his mind that this is an android.

“La la la, no I can’t!” they says louder.

“B,” the android says, throwing its hands up in exasperation. “Tim hasn’t slept in three days. Tell him that he cannot drink coffee right now.”

“I have paperwork!” Tim(?) says.

“I will drug you,” the android threatens. “I will give you your coffee but it *will* be laced with sedatives.”

Tim scoffs and gesticulates wildly. They look at the shadow man. “B! C’mon. You can’t let him do that.”

The shadow man’s — Bee? — lips quirk up slightly. “I think if Jason does this in the kitchen where I cannot see him do this, then I have plausible deniability.”

“B!” Tim yelps.

“Ha!” The android points at Tim.

Tim throws up their hands. “Unbelievable.”

“Who’s the kid?” the android asks, motioning at Tubbo.

“Time traveling, dimension traveling meta,” the dark haired girl says.

“Nice,” the android says. “What’s your name, kid?”

“Tubbo\_Beloved,” Tubbo says.

“That is... certainly a name,” the android says.

“Hn,” Bee says.

The android looks at Bee. “Is this the first time you’re hearing his name? C’mon, B, that’s like basic social interaction. You just, what? Kidnapped the kid off the street without even introducing yourself?” Bee doesn’t reply. The android laughs. “You did! Of course you did. Why am I not surprised?”

“Jason,” Bee says warningly.

“Is this gonna be a mask on at all times sort of situation? Because I sure as shit don’t know how to send him back and I know you definitely don’t. So, why don’t you just rip the bandaid off sooner rather than later if he’s staying with us?”

“Jason,” Bee repeats, voice firm.

Jason puts his hands on the side of his red shell head and to Tubbo’s horror takes it off and... reveals a human face? He has a mask around his eyes. A raccoon hybrid maybe? He then takes off the mask and confirms that, nope, he’s just got a human face. He holds out a gloved hand. “Jason Todd. Nice to meet you.”

Bee is glowering at Jason.

“What? It’s not like I even legally exist!” Jason exclaims. He holds his hand to his mouth and whispers conspiratorially to Tubbo. “That’s what happens when you die and come back to life.”

Tubbo’s brows furrow. “I’ve died and respawned like two times and I still legally exist?”

Jason grins. "I like this kid." Jason looks over and sees Tim unconscious on top of a box. "And he's asleep. That's my cue! Nice meeting you kid." He scoops Tim into his arms and disappears into the shadows.

Tubbo stares into the darkness.

He hopes he'll get to learn how to do that.

## RANBOO

Officer Richard Grayson continued to ask Ranboo questions that he doesn't understand the relevance of but answered as best he could.

Which meant that he evaded many of them because he didn't know how to answer them.

But Officer Richard Grayson didn't get frustrated once. He's actually extremely patient, more than Ranboo would expect from a man with his job.

"So," Officer Richard Grayson says. "I'm guessing you don't have a place to stay."

"That's okay!" Ranboo says quickly. "I'm sure there's a hill somewhere I can hollow out for the night. Or, worst comes to worst, I'll dig down. I've got torches to make my way through the night."

Officer Richard Grayson stares at him with wide eyes of horror. "No, no, no. You're... don't do that."

Ranboo's brows furrow. "Well, I don't want to be fighting off mobs all night."

"Mobs?" Officer Richard Grayson asks.

"Yeah, mobs. Zombies? Skeletons? Creepers?"

"Uh," Officer Richard Grayson blinks.

"Do you... not have this here? On your, uh, planet?"

"No, we definitely don't have those," Officer Richard Grayson says. "How do they... what are they?"

"They spawn at night," Ranboo says. "Uh. Spiders don't really do too much damage but they can climb up walls and stuff. Zombies don't do too much damage either but they can sometimes break down your doors. And the baby zombies are really fast. Uh, what else? Skeletons all have bows and they can shoot you from pretty far so they suck. Super annoying. Creepers blow up when you get close to them which is super annoying too. And then the nether mobs are a whole different breed."

Officer Richard Grayson stares at him with a dropped jaw. "That sounds horrifying."

"Eh," Ranboo says with a shrug. "Ees what it ees."

“Right...” Officer Richard Grayson places his shaky hands on the table, clasped in front of him. “Look, Ranboo. I... I happen to know a lot of aliens and I would be happy to lend you my spare room while you figure yourself out whether that be staying here or getting back to your planet.”

Ranboo’s eyes narrow. “What do you want from me?”

“I just want you to be safe,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “And I want to help you be as comfortable as possible while you’re on Earth.”

“Oh, wait, is this SMP Earth?” Ranboo asks. “My friend came from there.”

“Uh,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “It... might be?”

“Pog,” Ranboo says.

“What does pog mean?” Officer Richard Grayson asks.

“It’s... it’s pogchamp. Means, like, awesome.”

“So pog is a good thing?”

“It’s pog!” Ranboo says.

Michael excites when he hears Ranboo raise his voice and starts babbling loud Piglin. Ranboo rubs his nose into Michael’s head fur and Michael squeals in delight.

“So,” Officer Richard Grayson says with a smile. “How about we head to my place?”

Ranboo pauses. “Yeah, sure. Why not?”

## TOMMY

“You would not *believe* how many shitty cops I punched today.”

Tommy looks up and is surprised to see another woman enter. She’s wearing a big rainbow feather jacket and shorts so short that Tommy feels like it’s wrong for him to even look at them. Her hair has blue at the bottom of one of her ponytails and red on the other.

“Hell yeah!” Tommy says with a thumbs up.

“Tommy,” Pam says, “this is Harley. Harley, Tommy.”

“So what’s all this about punching cops?” Tommy asks.

“The pigs think they can just get handsy with the ladies just because they’ve got a badge. They’re lucky it was just me. The Hood woulda chopped their hands *and* dicks off.”

“My kind of guy,” Tommy says. “I drink my respect women juice.”



“As you should!” Harley says. “Where the hell did you get this kid? He sounds like a little Victorian newsie.”

“Oi! I’m not a kid!” Tommy says. “And at least I’m not a filthy American.”

“You’ve got guts,” Harley says. “I like that.”

“Harley,” Selina says. “I think Tommy is the missing piece we need for our next heist.”

“Woah, woah, wait,” Tommy says. “We’re gonna be grieving shit?” He holds his hands up. “Listen, ladies, I love me some stealing as much as the next guy, but the last time I stole shit from someone I accidentally burnt their place down and got exiled from my country so... I don’t know if I’m the best man for the job.”

“We’ll train you,” Pam says. “And with your skillset, you’ll be something they’ve never seen before. They won’t be expecting it. You could change everything.”

Selina nods. “From what I’ve seen, you’re an expert at parkour and you’ve got experience. You just need some fine tuning and... you could be one of the best.”

Tommy tries to not let it show how much that little bit of praise means to him. “Oh I’ll be the best. Just you wait.” His bravado falters. “What do I need to do?”

“I think the biggest thing you need to work on is your stealth.”

“I can be stealthy!” Tommy says loudly, hands on his hips.

“Yeah, not really proving your point there, kid,” Harley says.

“Not a kid,” Tommy says automatically.

“Worst case scenario, you’ll just ward off the bats,” Pam says.

“Bats?” Tommy says. “You guys have bats outside of caves here?”

“He doesn’t know,” Harley says, her voice uncharacteristically flat. “You didn’t tell him about the bats.”

“I was going to,” Pam hisses through her teeth.

“Is there like... a lot of bats here?” Tommy asks.

“The bats are,” Selina says slowly. “They protect Gotham. They stop people like us from doing the stuff we like to do.”

“They sound like they suck,” Tommy says.

“They’re not all bad,” Selina says. “But they don’t exactly condone stealing.”

“Well they sound like fucking losers!” Tommy says. “How do you even train bats to stop you from stealing? I can’t even train my cat to shit in his stupid litter box.”

“No, they’re— they’re not *actual* bats,” Pam says. “That’s what they’re called. They’re people.”

“Oh,” Tommy says. “That makes more sense.” He frowns. “But what makes them bats?”

“Because the big honcho is called Batman,” Harley says. “So that’s where the bat comes from.”

“Is he a bat... man?” Tommy asks.

“Nah, he’s just a man.” Harley pops her bubblegum.

“Then what makes him Batman?” Tommy asks, brows scrunched.

“You know what?” Harley says. “I don’t know! Not a really intimidating animal.”

“A bat’s a little rodent, innit? Flying rodents. That sleep upside and shit.” Tommy says.

“Doesn’t really scream ‘protector.’ What do they protect?”

“Yeah,” Pam says. “You’re right.”

“Does he at least fly like a bat?” Tommy says.

“Uh, no. He doesn’t,” Selina says.

“He’s not even a bat!” Tommy says. “Yeah, I’m not worried about some not-a-bat-man. Because I,” Tommy looks at them with a grin, “am gonna be the best heister to ever have heisted.”

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

Apparently Bee, the shadow man — who is much less shadowy now that he is changed out of his dark armor — lives in a mansion. Now, this mansion is the real deal. It's almost a Foolish level mansion.

Tubbo is admiring the craftsmanship of the carved wood when he's suddenly hit with realization.

“Oh shit!”

Bee stills, head snapping to look at Tubbo. “What is it?”

“I fucking traveled dimensions!”

Bee frowns. “Yes...?”

“My husband's gonna freak,” Tubbo groans.

Bee makes a slightly choked noise. “Husband?”

Tubbo narrows his eyes. “Yeah. You got a problem with that?”

Bee quickly shakes his head. “I just... didn't realize that was socially acceptable where you're from.”

“Why wouldn't it be?” Tubbo asks.

Bee stares at Tubbo, blinks, and then turns away. “I assure you, we will do everything we can to get you back home.”

“Please do, because I've got a kid back home and I do *not* want to be some deadbeat dad that walks out on his son and leaves his amnesiac husband to be a single father.”

“Uh.”

“Did you know that my parents abandoned me?” Tubbo asks absentmindedly. “They put me in a box and left me on the street.”

“That's... uh... I'm sorry?”

“Not your fault, big man,” Tubbo says. “You know, Michael could fit in a box. He *has* fit in a box. Boxes can be really cool actually. If you put a blanket and pillow in it and poke holes on

the top it looks like stars but they're not actually stars because they're just holes that light goes through. I mean, maybe that's what stars are. Holes in the night sky where sun comes through. No one knows what the stars are anyways."

"Actually—"

Tubbo gets a whiff of the most delicious scent he's ever had hit his nose. "What is that *smell?*"

"I believe that Jason is warming the leftover lasagna," Bee says.

"Lazonya?" Tubbo repeats, the word foreign in his mouth. "What's that?"

"It's a pasta dish with tomato, cheese, and meat," Bee says.

"What's a tomato?"

"What's a... do you not have tomatoes where you come from?"

Tubbo shakes his head. "Is it like... a sauce?"

"It *can* be a sauce," Bee says. "It's a vegetable. Or, well. It's technically a fruit but it is used in the way that vegetables are used."

"Ah, like gender."

Bee blinks. "Uhm."

"Tomatoes identify as vegetables but are assigned fruit at birth," Tubbo explains. He frowns. "That's a pretty confusing acronym though since it already exists. I won't say it. Don't want to get canceled, do I?"

"...right." Bee shakes his head. "Well, it's late. Would you like me to show you to your room so you can get settled for the night?"

"Can I try a tomato first?" Tubbo asks.

"Just... just a tomato?" Bee says slowly.

Tubbo nods. "Yup."

"Just a plain tomato? Nothing on it?"

Tubbo's brows furrow. "Are you supposed to put things on your tomatoes?"

"I... not always."

"I want to rawdog it," Tubbo says. "I want the pure, real tomato experience."

Bee seems taken aback by Tubbo's words.

“Well, uh, follow me.”

The tomato, as it turns out, is very juicy like a fruit but very vegetable-y in taste. Tubbo isn't sure if he likes it. He does finish the whole thing though.

The next thing he'll try is lazonya.

Yeah.

Lazonya.

## RANBOO

Officer Richard Grayson takes Ranboo to a tall building that looks like a hotel but isn't a hotel. Apparently it's an “apartment complex.” He doesn't know what's so complex about it but he's afraid to ask.

“So,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “I don't think I have anything that will fit you but we can figure that out tomorrow. In the meantime, is there anything I can do to make you feel more comfortable for the night? Uh, the couch is pretty long so I think you'll fit on it, and I've got a blowup mattress I can get for Michael. Or you can take the blowup and Michael can take the couch. Whatever works best for you.”

“I'd rather Michael not sleep on a mattress that blows up, thank you very much,” Ranboo says.

“Oh, no! No, no, it— it doesn't *blow up*, like explode. I just mean... it's inflatable. You fill it with air. That's why it's called a blowup mattress.”

“Oh,” Ranboo says. “Well, then it's probably best that Michael sleeps on that one. Considering,” Ranboo holds up his claws.

“Right,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “Yeah, I'll get that set up. In the meantime, help yourself to whatever's in the fridge or pantry. Be careful with the condensation on the things in the fridge. That's moisture that sometimes gets on things when they're cold. Usually when they warm to room temperature.”

“Aight, thanks,” Ranboo says. “I actually know a guy whose mom's a fridge,” Ranboo says.

Officer Richard Grayson stares at him. “Uh.”

“Yeah, that whole family tree is pretty crazy,” Ranboo says. “I don't know why I remembered that though. I don't remember lots of stuff. So it's weird that I remember that. You know, actually.” Ranboo takes his memory journal out of his inventory. “I think I wrote that whole family tree in my relationship pages.” He looks up. “I have to write this stuff down so I can keep up with who is allied with who and who isn't because it is super awkward when you think you're allied with someone and it turns out they tried to kill your husband and you're like ‘oh man, I totally didn't know that.’” He nods. “Sometimes someone tried to kill your husband and they're still an ally though. It's all pretty confusing.”

“I’m sure,” Officer Richard Grayson says.

“Ah! Found it.” Ranboo runs his finger over the words. “Right! Wilbur. His dad is the angel of death, his mom is a Samsung Smart Fridge, his wife is a salmon and his son is Fundy!”

“Is Fundy... also a salmon?” Officer Richard Grayson asks.

Ranboo looks up at him like that’s an absurd question. “No, he’s a fox.”

“And... is Wilbur a fox?”

“No, he’s a human,” Ranboo says.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “There are humans on your planet?”

“Yeah...?” Ranboo says confused. “Why wouldn’t there be?”

“There are other planets with humans on them?” Officer Richard Grayson exclaims. He seems pretty hung up on that, nearing hysterics.

“Well mine has humans on it, so...” Ranboo pauses. “Michael has been suspiciously quiet. Michael!”

Michael snorts, eyes wide as he freezes guiltily with a gold circle on a ribbon in his mouth.

“Aw man,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “I got that at the world championships.”

## TOMMY

“So,” Pam says as they all sit on the comfiest couch Tommy’s ever had the pleasure of putting his butt in. “It has come to our attention that you are severely lacking in Gotham knowledge and that’s something you’ll have to be educated on before you’re out in the field.”

“So, we’re gonna give you a crash course in Gotham rogues and bats!” Harley says.

Tommy nods. “Hit me. I am ready to learn!”

“So you know a little about Batman,” Selina says. “He’s been around for a while. Over two decades actually. He is intelligent and he is the world’s best detective but he is not afraid to use force. However, he does have a strict no killing rule.”

“Ha. Loser.” Tommy snorts.

Selina shoots him an odd look. “He has a lineup of partners and allies and they all have their individual strengths to look out for.”

“His oldest,” Harley says, “his first birdie that flew off and did his own thing, is called Nightwing. He’s not usually in Gotham but when he is, you better watch out. He’s been at this since before his voice dropped. He likes to distract with quick quips and comes across as carefree but he can be anything but. He’s known for his acrobatics but even though he may

seem like all spectacle, he's smart and he's fast and his agility makes him a dangerous fighter."

"Then there's Red Robin," Pam says. "He's quiet. He's the thinker of the group. Everything he does has intention. He knows things before you know. He knows before you know you know. He's quick and he's efficient and he's more trained than you'd expect."

"Robin is a loose cannon," Harley says. "You never know what's goin' on with him. He used to have a sword but I don't think batsy lets him carry that one around anymore. He's lethal but not deadly, if you get my drift. He's scary and you do *not* want to get on his bad side. He's extremely protective of all the bats but especially Nightwing. And on that note, Nightwing is extremely protective of him. Just don't mess with them."

"Black Bat is silent and, like Red Robin, extremely efficient," Selina says. "She's extremely trained and she knows what she's doing. Her partner, Batgirl is the talker. She's always making jokes and keeping up the banter when she's beating you up."

"What she lacks in skill she makes up with sheer audacity," Harley adds.

"And then there's Red Hood," Pam says. "Do not mess with the Red Hood. He started up as a ruthless crimelord and killer. He's most known for decapitating mobsters and putting their heads in a duffel bag. He protects the little guy but he's not afraid to get his hands dirty if you cross him."

"That's the bats," Selina says. "Any questions so far?"

Tommy has many questions but he's too captivated to ask them.

"Alright, speedrun the rest of this," Harley says. "On a scale from inconvenience to batshit crazy: Condiment King, Poke-Dot Man, Crazy Quilt, and Kite Man are weird and have their gimmicks but are usually taken down in a couple hours by the bats. They're not really the *most* respected."

Harley puffs her cheeks out as she thinks. "Calendar Man, Clayface, Solomon Grundy, Killer Croc, and King Shark are starting to get to that batshit already. They're batshit in the way that you have no idea what the fuck they're gonna do.

"Mr. Freeze, The Riddler, Two Face and The Penguin are getting to the 'they are people you don't want to mess with' territory," Harley says. "But the people you run the other way if you even *hear* that they're out are Scarecrow, and the Joker."

For the first time since Tommy's met her, her face gets eerily serious. "They will kill you. They have their plans and they will do anything to get through them. They don't care about anything but reigning chaos and pain and hurt and they will destroy anyone that gets in their way. And if they don't kill you, they'll ruin you."

She looks Tommy in the eyes and she looks haunted, like what Tommy sees when he looks in the mirror. "So promise me that you'll run the other way. Promise me, kid."

Tommy gulps and nods. “I promise.”

She grins, the grim weight gone. “Good. Now, c’mon. I think I’ve got some cream puffs leftover and you’ve *gotta* try them.”

## Chapter End Notes

i made a discord! come hang out with me!



# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

Tubbo wakes up hoping the whole ordeal yesterday was just a crazy dream. But, of course nothing can be that simple for him and it was, in fact, very much real.

The bed that Tubbo basically passed out in is the softest thing that he's ever slept on, almost impossibly so, and his back actually aches from how cushy it was.

He peels himself out and trudges to the clothes that are draped on the back of the chair at the desk.

Tubbo assumes they're for him and if they're not, then they shouldn't have just left perfectly good clothes that fit him out for him to take, so really that's their fault.

The clothes remind him of the things that he had worn before L'Manberg, the jeans familiar on his skin but the hoodie as unbelievably soft as the bed he had just woken up in.

Tubbo exits the room and realizes that he has no idea where anything is in this giant labyrinth of a mansion, so he does what anyone would do in his position. He snoops.

He passes by a lot of closed doors but there are some open doors that lead to places like a library (these people must be super rich if they have this many books *and* can read them) and fancy sitting room with giant plush chairs. Tubbo thinks he's finally on the right way to the kitchen when he notices a door slightly ajar.

Curiosity too strong, he goes to investigate, and finds himself in an office. It reminds him of the one he had in the White House, which really does not bring back any good memories. There's a strange black rectangle on the desk and he's about to go check it out when he suddenly feels something jump on his back.

Now, Tubbo is not what you might call a master of PVP, but he can hold his own in a fight. He was in a war! And he lives in a world where mobs spawn at night! Of course he can fight.

He swivels to the side and reaches behind him to throw the offender on his back to the ground. Before they land, they roll past Tubbo and go to twist his arm, but he predicts the move and snatches their arm to swing them to the floor. Tubbo manages to grab his axe from his inventory before trapping the attacker's chest under his foot and pointing his axe to their throat.

When Tubbo really looks at his attacker, he recognizes the boy. Tubbo frowns. "You're Bee's kid."

Bee's kid scowls at him, though his eyes flicker warily at Tubbo's axe.

“Oh whoops. Sorry.” Tubbo lifts his foot and puts away his axe. “GG.”

Bee’s kid continues to stare at him with a scowl.

“Uh, so, I’m looking for the kitchen? So, if you could point me in that general direction, that would be very—”

“You bested me in combat.”

Tubbo blinks. “I mean, yeah, I guess?”

Tubbo can practically see the cogs turning in his mind. “You are... but... how?”

“You should get a shield,” Tubbo says. “Block hits and stuff.”

They both blink at each other for a while until Tubbo’s stomach growls.

“Well,” Tubbo says, “I’m gonna go find the kitchen. So, if you’re not gonna show me, then I’ll just keep wandering aimlessly and discovering new rooms.” He gives a thumbs up.

“Good talk.”

## RANBOO

When Ranboo wakes up, he has a glass pane in his hands. He stares at it. Yup, still there.

Ranboo looks around Officer Richard Grayson’s apartment to see where he could possibly have gotten this and notices the chunk of window missing from the wall. He also notices the chunk of wall that is in the middle of the room.

“Oops,” Ranboo says.

Officer Richard Grayson is standing on the other side of the room watching Ranboo with a wide eyed stare. Ranboo can feel an itch beneath his skin from the eye contact and he looks away.

“Uh, Officer Richard Grayson?” Ranboo says. “Can you not... look me in the eyes? It’s... it’s an enderman thing.”

His eyebrows shoot up and he immediately looks away, face turning completely so he’s staring at the wall. “Sorry, I didn’t know.”

“No worries. Like you said, you didn’t know.” Ranboo chuckles softly. “You can still look at me. Just, like, easy on the eye contact. It makes me big uncomfy.”

“Right, of course,” Officer Richard Grayson says. “And, uh, you can just call me Dick.”

Ranboo’s brows furrow. “No...?”

“Oh, wait, no uh,” Officer Richard Grayson clears his throat. “That’s my name.”

“My condolences.”

Officer Richard Grayson frowns. “It’s... Dick is short for Richard.”

“How?”

“It... I... actually I don’t know. It’s only got the two letters in common—”

“Technically, the d is at the end but you moved it to the beginning,” Ranboo points out.

“Unless you spell Richard with a t.”

“What, like Richart?”

“T’s and d’s sound very similar. They’re very tricky like that.”

Officer— *Dick* hums thoughtfully. “Well, it’s Richard with a d. And Dick with a d. Not a t.”

“And you kept it that way?”

“What, with a d?”

“No, like in general,” Ranboo says. “Like, that was your name and you just, like, kept it that way?”

“I like my name!” Dick says.

Ranboo pauses. “Maybe our planets have different meanings for these words.”

“I think they’re probably the same actually,” Dick says.

“Huh.” Ranboo shrugs. “You do you, king.”

“So, what was... sorry, I don’t know if this is insensitive to ask,” Dick says awkwardly. “Last night, you were just walking around the apartment and moving things. Your eyes they... they were glowing purple and you were completely unresponsive and talking in... in this different language? Is that something all... enderman do?”

“That’s actually entirely my enderman side’s fault,” Ranboo says. “We call it enderwalking. Like sleepwalking except... enderman.”

“Right,” Dick says, though it doesn’t sound like he understands.

“I’ll put everything back,” Ranboo says. “Actually, you know what? I’ll do that right now.” He takes the pane in his hand and places it back into the broken window. He then picks up the wall block and places it into its rightful spot.

“How do you do that?” Dick says.

“What do you mean?” Ranboo asks, glancing over.

“Take pieces of things out in these perfect cubes?”

“Well, the window pane isn’t really a cube,” Ranboo says. “It’s more of like a flat cube. Like a square.” He pauses. “I don’t know my shapes.”

“Square is right,” Dick says. “But... the cubes and the squares... how do you take them out?”

“With my hands?”

“Yeah, but... *how*?”

“How should I know?” Ranboo says.

Dick’s face scrunches as he thinks. “You said... you said they were silk touch? What does that mean?”

“Well, it’s the best equivalent I could come up with,” Ranboo says. “You know, the enchantment is called silk touch, my hands basically do what silk touch does to a pickaxe...”

“Sorry, go back. Enchantment?”

“Yeah...” Ranboo says slowly. “Enchantments. You know? Put your stuff with the lapis in the enchantment table and then you just.. enchant it?”

“That’s not something we have here,” Dick says. “Could you tell me more about it?”

Ranboo claps. “Okay, buckle up, because I am by no means an enchanting expert.”

## TOMMY

Tommy has discovered the wondrous thing that is cinnamon buns.

They’re sticky and messy but the most delicious thing he’s ever put into his food hole (well, except for pizza which remains his number one) and they kind of make his hands shake from how much sugar is in them and make his stomach feel like it’s gonna explode but they’re so good.

Pam gives him a glass of milk to drink with it and at first he’s confused because he doesn’t have any potion effects he needs to get rid of but apparently you’re just supposed to drink it with the cinnamon bun to help digest it and shit.

And, to be honest, it’s much better than water. At least, with the cinnamon buns.

“So, what are we doing today?”

After the ladies told him about Gotham and her bats and rogues, Tommy has been on the edge of his seat on what they’re going to do next.

“Well, we... are not going to do anything,” Selina says.

Tommy blinks. “What?”

“You still have a lot to learn about this world, but especially Gotham, so we’re going to go out and let you see it firsthand in a non-lethal situation with no high stakes.”

“So... a tour?” Tommy asks. “Before we actually go and do shit?” He nods. “Yeah, yeah. I get it. Gotta be prepared. Gotta know my way around before I just go and do my thing.” He pauses. “Our thing. Because you’re the experts and I am but a humble mentee to your mentoring. Or should I say *women-* toring.”

Harley snorts. “This is why I like you, kid.”

“I am not a kid!” Tommy says. “I am a big man. I am the *biggest* man.”

“That’s right! You are,” Harley says. “Don’t let anyone else tell you otherwise.”

“You know, I bet I’m older than someone here,” Tommy says. “I was the youngest person in the SMP but maybe there’s someone younger than me.”

“There’s... many people younger than you,” Selina says slowly. “Like hundreds of thousands of children and babies.”

“No shit?” Tommy says. “How many people are on this server?”

“Uh... well, there’s like seven billion people on the planet,” Pam says.

“That’s... a lot,” Tommy says. “Your communicators must be so annoying. I don’t even think there’s even half that many people on Hypixel.”

“Communicators?” Pam asks.

“Yeah comm... *my communicator!*” Tommy pulls out his communicator and tries to pull up his messages but the screen remains black. “That is... not supposed to happen.”

“It’s like a phone,” Selina says slowly. “Does it do anything but send messages?”

“You can see stats on it,” Tommy says. “Like coordinates. And it’s where you get the death messages.”

There’s suddenly a thick silence.

“Death messages?” Pam asks, her voice tight for some reason.

“Yeah, you know. Someone dies. It shows up on your communicator.”

“That... incredibly morbid,” Selina says.

“I think it’s kinda fun!” Harley says. “Does it say what kills ‘em too?”

“Yeah, of course it does,” Tommy says. “It’s always really funny to make fun of people when they die really stupid deaths. I remember it was so embarrassing when I got struck by lightning. It took everyone like ten minutes to stop laughing at me.”

“You... you got struck by lightning?” Pam asks, voice even tighter. “And *died*?”

“You don’t gotta rub it in,” Tommy mumbles, cheeks starting to warm.

“No, wait, you... you died. But you... you got resuscitated,” Selina says. “Obviously.”

“No...” Tommy says, holding out the o. “I respawned.”

“Respawned,” Harley says. “So is this like a necromancy thing or...?”

“No, it’s just... it’s respawning. You die, and if it’s not your last canon life, you respawn in the last bed you set your spawn in.”

“Wait, what’s a canon life?” Pam asks.

“It’s... do you not have those here?” Tommy asks.

“No,” they all say in unison. Well, Harley says “nope! Just the boring normal one!”

Tommy pauses. “This is a hardcore server?” he asks aloud. He shakes his head, saving that for later. “So basically, you get three canon lives. It’s like... a meaningful death. No one knows how it’s decided, so even when you die in a stupid way it could still be a canon death. You never know. But, you get three and then you die and go to limbo. And then, if someone revives you, you come back, and you get a white streak in your hair, and, yeah.”

He can see as all of their eyes flicker to his hair.

“Blown up, shot in a duel, and beaten to death,” Tommy says, voice blank and numb. “That’s the three canon lives. I could tell you were wondering, so, there.”

The silence that follows is heavy and Tommy hates it. The ringing in his ears grows louder.

“So,” Tommy says, plastering on a smile. “How about that tour?”

## Chapter End Notes

it has been a month exactly but i'm back!

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

Tubbo eventually does find the kitchen, though his hosts aren't there. He can hear the clink of silverware and murmur of chatter in the other room and he figures they must be having breakfast together.

Bee had told him that he could "help himself" to anything in the fridge so Tubbo does exactly that.

His hunger bars are running low, but not low enough that he's starting to feel the damage take place, though it is enough to make his stomach twist with discomfort.

Most of what's in the fridge is unfamiliar, but Tubbo spots some raw beef. He looks around but doesn't see a furnace. He shrugs. At least the raw beef will restore 6 hunger points.

He pulls out the strange container of beef with thin clear wrap on it and picks up the meat, taking a big bite out of the corner.

"Good heavens!"

Tubbo freezes, his eyes going wide. At the door is an old man looking person (but Tubbo didn't want to assume) who looks at him with a horrified expression, his gloved hand gripping his chest.

"Bee said I could help myself," Tubbo says, trying his best to chew through the beef so he doesn't talk with his mouth full. He doesn't know why but this old man(?) makes him feel like he needs to be at his best manners.

"Dear boy, why are you eating that?" the old man(?) asks, still with his shellshocked expression.

"Because... it gives me hunger points?" Tubbo goes to take another bite and Alfred makes a loud noise of distress.

"Don't you know the dangers of eating raw meat?" he asks.

"There's dangers?" Tubbo asks. "I eat raw meat all the time!"

The man makes another noise of distress. "And you've never fallen ill?"

Tubbo taps his chin, deep in thought. "Well I've gotten sick but not from the meat! If anything, the meat makes me feel better!"

“Are you... is raw meat common delicacy where you come from?” the old man(?) asks.

“Well, I wouldn’t say delicacy. ‘s what you got, then you eat it.” Tubbo says with another shrug. “Better cooked. More hunger points. But I’ll eat some raw meat if I’m hungry.”

“I can cook that for you,” the old man(?) says.

“Oh. Thanks,” Tubbo says. “Wait. Name and pronouns?”

The old “man” blinks. “You may call me Alfred. And... he/him/his.”

“Nice,” Tubbo says. “I’m Tubbo. He/him too.”

“It is a pleasure to meet you,” Alfred says. “I’ve heard quite a lot about you.”

Tubbo grins. “And I have heard nothing about you.” He rests his chin on his palm. “But I’d like to know more.”

“Perhaps you can prepare yourself some eggs while I prepare your steak.”

“Awesome,” Tubbo says. “One question. Where is your furnace?”

Alfred’s face drops, though he quickly schools his expression. “Let me introduce you to the modern technology of stoves and ovens.”

## RANBOO

“Okay, so you know enchanting tables, right?”

Dick’s brows furrow. “Uh, actually, I don’t.”

“Hm,” Ranboo pauses. He’s gonna have to really dumb this down then. “So you make enchanting tables with obsidian, diamonds, and books.”

“Obsidian?” Dick says incredulously. “*Diamonds?*”

“Yeah,” Ranboo says. “It’s a pain in the butt but a good mining trip and a strategic bucket of water and you should find everything fine. If anything, the book is probably the thing that’s the most annoying thing to find.”

“Do you not have a lot of books?” Dick asks.

“Not many empty ones, no,” Ranboo says.

“Wouldn’t that just be a journal?” Dick says.

Ranboo goes still, the cogs in his mind spinning rapidly. “Huh. I will store that away and let my brain melt over that later.” He mimes putting something in a box and storing it on a top shelf. “So, with enchanting tables, bookshelves, and lapis—”

“Lapis?”



“Lapis Lazuli,” Ranboo says, confused. “Do you guys not have lapis here? It’s like everywhere when you’re mining.”

“Most people don’t mine here,” Dick says.

“Then how do you get any loot?” Ranboo asks.

“We... we buy it,” Dick says.

Ranboo’s face grimaces with disgust. “Gross. Capitalism.”

“So, lapis?” Dick says.

“Right, so the lapis does... stuff. I don’t know. It just... it’s just gotta be there. It doesn’t work without it. And then the enchanting table can enchant stuff. Or enchanted books can enchant stuff. Or anvils can take enchanted stuff and mix the enchantments but not always. You know what? Enchanting is a lot more complicated than I originally thought and I’m giving up.”

Dick stares at him with a look of pure confusion. “Oh. Okay.” Dick clears his throat awkwardly. “Well, anyways, I got you something.”

“Like... a gift?” Ranboo asks.

“Not exactly,” Dick says. He pulls out a small shiny silver thing. “This is a phone. Just a simple flipphone that you can call me on in case you need anything when I’m not here. I also programmed my friend Barbara on here, so if you can’t reach me, call her.”

“So... it’s like a communicator,” Ranboo says.

“It’s exactly like a communicator,” Dick says. “Well, actually, I can’t say that because I don’t know what a communicator is.”

“Irrelevant, don’t worry about it,” Ranboo says, making grabby hands at the flipphone so he can play around with it but before he can, Michael tugs on his sleeve. “What’s up?”

Michael makes his hungry grunts and Ranboo smiles sheepishly.

“Sorry, he’s hungry,” Ranboo says. “You wouldn’t happen to have anything he can have for breakfast, would you?”

“I’ve got some cereal,” Dick says.

Ranboo... does not know what cereal is.

Dick must see his confusion, so he goes to the cupboard and pulls out a tall box. He tips it on its side and pours some into his hand. “It’s... it’s a common Earth breakfast food. At least in this region of the Earth.”

The cereal is a mix of tiny unnaturally colored spheres.

“And it’s edible?” Ranboo asks.

Dick looks down at the cereal in his palm and his face flushes. “How about jam on toast.”

“Oh, we know about toast,” Ranboo says. “You want some toast, Michael?”

Michael chuffs loudly in agreement.

Ranboo scoops him up and holds him on his hip. “He would like that a lot. Thanks.”

“What do you usually give him for breakfast?”

“My husband and I usually just make breakfast whatever is leftover from the night before.”

“You’ve mentioned your husband,” Dick says. “What’s his name again?”

“Tubbo\_Beloved,” Ranboo says. “We hyphenated when we got married.”

“That’s sweet,” Dick says. “When did you get married?”

“Oh, a couple months ago,” Ranboo says.

“Oh, well, a belated congratulations,” Dick says. “How did you guys meet?”

“Well, when I joined the SMP, he gave me a tour. And then... yeah.”

Dick seems to be waiting for him to say more but there really isn’t anything else to say.

“How old were you when you guys met?” Dick asks.

“He was sixteen and I was seventeen,” Ranboo says.

“Oh, wow,” Dick says. “Is that young from where you’re from?”

“It’s pretty average,” Ranboo says. “Most people I know are about seventeen to twenty five-ish. And if they’re not, then they’re probably an angel or a God.”

Dick splutters. “Sorry, what?”

“Most people I know are about seventeen to twenty five-ish?” Ranboo repeats. “I mean, I’m eighteen.”

“You’re *eighteen*?” Dick repeats.

“Yeah...?” Ranboo says, holding out the word. “How old are *you*?”

“I’m twenty seven.”

Ranboo snorts. “Ha. Old.”

“I’m not— I—” Dick sighs. “Okay.”

## TOMMY

Tommy has decided that he likes cars.

They're like if minecarts and boats had a baby and also had a roof and comfortable seats.

Tommy sits in the backseat with Harley while Pam and Selina sit in the front and he spends an embarrassing amount of time just staring out of the window and seeing everything pass by.

There's something so freeing about cars. Being able to go wherever you want, not confined by railroads or water. Like a horse that will never get hungry. Just taking you anywhere you want.

Tommy thinks about the times he would've killed for something like a car. Something to take him far away from all the stupid shit that stupid shitty people and stupid shitty life threw at him.

"Hey," Harley says, nudging his leg with hers. "What's going on in that head of yours?"

"Nothing," Tommy says quickly.

"You wanna talk about it?" Harley asks. "I've been told I'm a good listener. Used to do it as a job once upon a time."

Tommy gnaws at his lip, considering her offer. "I'm just thinking about cars."

"Cars?" she repeats. "What about 'em?"

"They can take you anywhere, yeah? And they can take you away from anywhere too. It's... it's just nice is all."

"There somewhere you're running from?" Harley asks. "Someone?"

"Not anymore," Tommy says. "Not like... it's not the same."

"Even though you're away from it, it can't get you, you can't quite move on, huh?"

"Yeah," Tommy breathes.

"I used to be with this fella," Harley says. "They call him the Joker. Not a nice fella, no, not at all. He... he hurt me. A lot. But I loved him. I don't know why but even after everything he did, I couldn't leave him. I just... he's all I knew, y'know? I didn't know any better. He made me believe that he was all I could get, all I deserved. It wasn't until I got out that I realized he really fucked me up in the head."

"Yeah," Tommy says. "I know what that's like."

"I think we're all a little fucked up in the head," Harley says. "Some more than others. And some like to fuck other people up and some get fucked up. And... you just gotta unfuck it up. And you won't be able to unfuck it all up. You'll always be a little fucked. But at least you

know you are. Some people don't know. They think they're all shmandy dandy up in their noggins but when you know where you're fucked up, you know how to unfuck it."

Tommy lets her words sink in. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

She grins. "Of course I'm right." She softens. "But I don't think you're fucked up. You may have been fucked with and your head might be fucked up, but you're not. You can't control what's goin' on in your head but you can control what you do about it. And you seem like you're a smart little guy. I like the way you think and I know you'll get past it."

"Did you?" Tommy asks, voice small.

"I'm getting there," Harley says. "Y'know, they tell you in psychology school that recovery takes time, and you know that, logically, that it does. But then you're livin' it and you really find out how long it takes. It sucks that it takes so long, but it gets better. Little by little. And sometimes it gets worse before it gets better, but if you stick around long enough, you'll see it get better."

"Thank you, Harley," Tommy says. "You... I wouldn't believe it from just anyone, but I know you get it."

"And I'm sorry that you get it. It's not something I want people to understand."

"Yeah," Tommy says quietly.

"Well, let's get out of these dumps and talk about something fun!"

Tommy looks up. "Like what?"

"How about you tell me more about 'griefing?'"

Tommy beams. "Oh, where do I even start?"

## Chapter End Notes

yikes the last time i updated this was in march. well hello! i'm back. and this fic is officially outlined so it actually has a plan. hopefully i'll be writing it more. thank you for your patience.

also thank you PotatoOfFanfics for the raw meat thing you're the goat

## Chapter 9

### TUBBO

Tubbo has decided he likes stoves.

They're like furnaces but they're also not like furnaces. It took a bit of playing around with the knobs to totally understand it but he figured it out and man! Making eggs is easy!

Alfred stands behind the counter as Tubbo eats his steak and eggs (steak and eggs! Why had he never thought to mix the two) and Tubbo, like before, feels the need to eat with as much etiquette as he possibly can.

Alfred doesn't seem to be judging him, which is good, but Tubbo has never been a master at reading people.

Tubbo pauses his meal as his face begins to ache, the scars covering his cheeks burning from all of the chewing.

"Are you alright?" Alfred asks.

"Scars're just acting up," Tubbo says. "It happens."

"We have some creams or ointments to tend to those," Alfred says.

Tubbo looks up. "Like... potions?"

"Something like it," Alfred says, his lip quirked up slightly. "You apply it to the burns and it's supposed soothe and heal them."

"Oh. Yeah, I'd like some of that."

"I shall get that for you after your breakfast," Alfred says.

"Thanks, bossman," Tubbo says. "So, are you like... a chef?"

"It is one of my many talents," Alfred says. "I am the family's butler."

"Woah," Tubbo says. "So they're like... rich?"

"Master Bruce has a surmountable amount of wealth, yes," Alfred says.

"Nice," Tubbo says. "My husband is rich. I am a proud golddigger."

"Oh?" Alfred says.

"It helps that I like him, though," Tubbo says. "And he likes me too."

“Well, in a marriage, that is always an important aspect.”

Tubbo scrapes his plate clean and lets out a satisfied sigh. “That was delicious! Thanks so much.”

“Of course,” Alfred says, taking his plate and utensils. “Let me clean these up and we can tend to your burns.”

Alfred uses the magical sink to wash the dishes and leads him down to the cave he was brought to when he first arrived.

Alfred goes to grab the “antibiotic ointment” as well as a “cloth with mild soap and water.”

“Do the burns extend beneath your shirt?” Alfred says.

“Oh, yeah totally,” Tubbo says.

“Would you feel comfortable removing your shirt? If not, I can just tend to the ones that are visible.”

“Nah, I can strip,” Tubbo says. “I am very body positive, as some may say. Lots of self love.”

“Right,” Alfred says.

Tubbo pulls up his shirt, wincing slightly as it pulls at his burns.

Alfred begins to wipe at his burns gently with his “mild soap” in silence.

“You’re wondering how I got them, aren’t you?” Tubbo says.

“I cannot say I am not curious, but I will not pry for information I am not beholden to.”

“Well, it’s kinda a long story, but basically I was the secretary of state but I was also a spy for Pogtopia — that’s the place the old president and my best friend lived — and the president very happy about it so I was executed at the festival I hosted.”

Alfred splutters. “I’m sorry, did you say executed?”

“Yeah?” Tubbo says. “And, well, fireworks. So,” he motions at his burns.

“That’s horrible,” Alfred says. “You didn’t deserve that.”

“Well, clearly I did,” Tubbo says. “I was conspiring against the government.”

“Well, at least you survived through it,” Alfred says.

“Oh, no, I didn’t,” Tubbo says.

Alfred’s eyes go wide. “Pardon?”

“It was my second death,” Tubbo says.

Alfred clearly wants to ask more, but before he can, he's cut off by Bee.

"Tubbo," Bee says. "I need a sample of your blood."

Tubbo pauses. "Well, since you asked nicely." Tubbo pulls out his sword.

RANBOO

"Well, look, I have to go to work, so I called my friend to come hang out with you until I come home."

"Like... a babysitter?" Ranboo asks Dick.

"No! No. No, not like a babysitter. Just... someone to keep you company, who can help you with things you may not understand."

Ranboo nods slowly. "Alright, cool."

Dick checks his watch. "He should be here soon. Maybe I should—"

Suddenly, a blur of lightning zooms through the door and a person with bright red hair enters.

"*Wally*," Dick hisses.

"What?" Wally asks, holding his hands up.

"Ixnay on the eedforcespay," Dick says.

"They're an alien!" Wally says. "I figured this was a 'indoctrinating into Justice-y stuff' kind of thing."

"Well, it's not!"

Wally pauses. "Oh."

"He/him," Ranboo says.

Dick and Wally look at him with confusion.

"What?" Dick says.

"Uh, my pronouns. They're he/him," Ranboo says. "Not they/them."

"Sorry about that, dude!" Wally says. "Bummer that the gender binary exists on other planets, but who am I to judge the societal practices of a place I don't live? I can only judge the societal practices of the place I do and hoo boy is it a garbage fire." Wally's eyebrows shoot up. "Sorry, where are my manners? Wally West. Pleasure to meet you."

Ranboo shakes the hand Wally offers to him. "Ranboo."

"Good name," Wally says. "Never met a Ranboo before."

“I’ve never met a Wally,” Ranboo says. “But I don’t really meet many people. And I also don’t remember most of the people I’ve met.”

“Very valid,” Wally says.

“So you’re, like, fast,” Ranboo says.

“That I am,” Wally says.

Dick shoots Wally a look but Wally waves at him dismissively.

“But I don’t see any potion particles around you,” Ranboo says. “So are you just... like that?”

“Potions?” Wally says. “Oh my God, do you have potions on your planet? That’s so cool.”

“Yeah!” Ranboo says.

“And there’s potions that can give you superspeed?” Wally says, his voice quickening.

“Yeah! Swiftess potions. Swiftess. They can last for one and a half, three, or eight minutes.”

“Oh, that’s not that long,” Wally says. “And you can keep taking them? There aren’t any side effects?”

“I don’t think so,” Ranboo says. “But if you drink milk, it gets rid of the effect.”

“Milk,” Wally repeats. “Fascinating.” Wally looks up to Ranboo but quickly looks away from his eyes. “What other kinds of potions are there?”

“Well, there’s the good ones healing, regeneration, strength, fire resistance, night vision, invisibility, water breathing, leaping, and slow falling. And then there are the ones that are used more as a splash in combat like poison, weakness, harming, and slowing.”

“Splash,” Wally says. “What do you mean by that?”

“Well, you can drink a potion or you can use it as a splash potion and use it on someone else.”

“Woah,” Wally says. “And anyone can make potions? It’s not, like, something only mages can do?”

“Yeah, as long as you have a brewing stand and the materials, you can make any potion. Well, as many that your brewing stand can hold.”

“That. Is. Awesome!” Wally says.

“Do you wanna see me go invisible?”

Wally grins. “There is nothing more that I want than to see you go invisible.”



## TOMMY

Harley, Pam, and Selina take him to a bunch of different places like stores that are giant and filled with so much stuff that Tommy doesn't know what to do with it (and that he definitely steals from because it's so easy to steal stuff when you have an inventory. He just had to clear some space so there's a dumpster in a random alley that's filled with seeds, flowers, and dead bushes.)

Then they go to an art museum and Selina and him talk about all the ways they could grief the place, though Selina's definition of grieving is just stealing which is a little boring but Tommy can't blame her. Some of the stuff in the museum are very steal-worthy.

Then, they take him to a place called BatBurger that has things called hamburgers which are apparently made from cow and bread and a bunch of vegetables and sauces that he's never heard of and it's the most heavenly thing he's ever eaten.

"I had a cow once," Tommy says. "But he got killed."

Harley grins. "Let's go steal a cow."

And so, they steal a cow.

Tommy, happy and more content than he's been in a long time, sits in the base with a happy cow lying next to him. He pets through her fur happily, his head resting on her back as the rest of his body lies on the floor next to her.

"Wool!" Harley cheers. "I haven't done something that fun since I glitter confettied Bruce Wayne's office."

"Glitter confettied?" Tommy asks.

"Oh, it's the Herpes of crafts," Harley says. "It is the worst thing to do to someone aside from stealing their identity, chopping off their limbs, killing their family, or outright murdering them." She pauses. "I guess there's a lot of worse things. But, well! It's certainly the most inconvenient."

"I do love making other people's lives inconvenienced," Tommy says.

"That's the spirit!" Harley says.

"Aren't you guys worried about getting in trouble, though?" Tommy asks.

"Well, sure," Pam says. "I mean, none of us *want* to get thrown back into Arkham or God forbid jail. But I mean... where's the fun working a 9 to 5, stuck in a loveless job and loveless life?"

"Jail?" Tommy asks. "You can go to jail for grieving?"

"Oh, yeah, definitely," Pam says.

“There’s only one person in prison where I’m from and he’s... he’s the worst person ever.”

“So there aren’t consequences for, uh, grieving where you come from?”

“There are,” Tommy says, voice small. “Sometimes when you grief the wrong person, you get exiled. And you don’t want to be exiled because... you don’t want to get exiled.”

“Well,” Selina says, “you won’t get in trouble if you don’t get caught.”

“And you’ll show me how to not get caught?” Tommy asks.

“That’s what we’re here to do,” Selina says. “You’re like...” she snaps her fingers, “our protege.”

“I like the sound of that,” Tommy says. “Yeah. What’d you call it? Grieving?”

“A heist,” Selina says.

Tommy’s eyes go fiery with determination. “I’m gonna be the best motherfucking heister Gotham’s ever seen.”

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

Everyone immediately gets tense, positioning to fight, which makes Tubbo freeze, head snapping behind him to see what threat they've just seen. But when he sees that there's no one there, he realizes that *he's* the threat.

"Oh, sorry," Tubbo says. "I'm not rounqing for a fight or anything."

"I don't think that's the saying," Bee mutters under his breath. "Why did you draw your sword?"

"To draw some blood?" Tubbo says confused.

"Oh good heavens, boy!" Alfred exclaims. "When we say draw blood, we simply mean through a needle. No need for self mutilation."

"Oh," Tubbo says. "Well how does the needle get the blood?"

"I will talk you through the entire process," Alfred says.

Apparently it has to do with pressure and Tubbo doesn't really get it but now he knows how to harvest people's blood without breaking too much flesh so that's pretty cool. He bets he could harvest a ton of blood and heal the puncture wound with a dab of regen and people would be like "Woah! Is there a vampire on the server?" If he was leaning towards the vampire thing, he could poke holes into their neck with a needle.

But he doesn't plan on becoming a vampire anytime soon.

Tim, Jason, Bee's kid, and Brown come to join them after Alfred finishes taking Tubbo's blood and runs it through their 'computer' to see whatever is in Tubbo's blood.

Now, Tubbo doesn't really think about what's inside of his blood. If anything, he tries to keep his blood inside him at all times possible.

But apparently there are things they can see in his blood that can maybe get him home. Tubbo doesn't know how they could possibly find that in his blood. It's kinda just red.

They also look into the portal 'signature' in hopes to find his home dimension. But, that means a little interrogation for Tubbo.

"What exactly did this portal look like?" Bee asks.

“It was... green. It didn’t have any obsidian around it and it was more of an oval than a rectangle.”

“Why would there be obsidian around it?” Tim asks.

“Because that’s how all portals are built,” Tubbo says slowly.

“Built?” Brown repeats. “You can built portals where you’re from?”

“Yeah, of course,” Tubbo says. “How else would you get to the Nether?”

“The Nether?” Jason says. “What is that? Sounds like Hell.”

“It’s pretty Hellish. I mean, it’s got lakes of lava and sand filled with souls.”

“Jesus, I was kidding,” Jason says. “You’re serious?”

“Here, I can show you,” Tubbo says. He looks through his inventory and is surprised to have some obsidian there until he remembers that he was planning on making some enderchests to put in his stripmines. “Do you have any gravel?”

“Uh,” Brown says. She heads to the corner of the cave and comes over with handful of loose gravel.

Tubbo takes the gravel in his hands and forms it into a cube. He places it and mines it with his fist. When it drops gravel again he sighs. Of course. He repeats it a few times with an audience of perplexed stares when finally it drops flint.

“Aha!” Tubbo says.

“How did you do that?” Bee’s kid demands.

“I don’t know. It just does that.”

Tubbo crafts a flint and steel in his inventory crafting grid and smiles. He then starts to place the obsidian into a portal, placing dirt in the corners so not to waste his obsidian and carefully balanced on the side as he builds up. He jumps down, taking a little fall damage when he hits the ground and wincing at the pain that shoots up his legs.

“What the fuck is that?” Brown says. “What the fuck *was* that?”

“Your world is so weird,” Tubbo says.

With a click, he flicks the flint and steel to life and lights the portal in a burst of purple light.

“And to think,” Jason says, “I didn’t think I was going back to Hell any time soon.”

RANBOO

Wally loses his absolute fucking mind after seeing Ranboo drink his invis pot.

Michael gets a little distressed seeing his Boo disappear, but when Ranboo curls his hand around Michael's claw and he lets out a delighted chuff. He raises his claws up, clapping his hooves together.

Ranboo chuckles and scoops Michael up into his arms.

Michael giggles and headbutts Ranboo in the chest.

"That's what you wanted, Michael?" Ranboo asks.

Michael nods into Ranboo's neck, resting his ear over his pulsepoint.

"That. Is. Mind-exploding," Wally says. "He's floating!"

"He's not floating," Ranboo says. "I'm holding him."

"I can't even imagine the sort of things I could do if I was invisible. Invisibility with superspeed? The pranks I could pull, man."

Ranboo hums in thought. "There's a lot you can use it for. We mostly used it for espionage. At least, my husband did. Came in handy during the wars."

Wally's smile fades. "Wars?"

"Yeah," Ranboo says. "I wasn't there for the Disc wars, the Revolution, the Pet Wars, or the Manberg Pogtopia War, but I was there for the Doomsday War. Yeah, that one wasn't fun at all."

"I wouldn't think a 'Doomsday War' would be fun," Wally says, his voice flat and disturbed.

"Yeah," Ranboo says, oblivious to Wally's perturbation. "Even though there weren't any canon deaths, L'Manberg was destroyed. Dream rained down explosives and then Techno let loose the withers and by the time they were finished, L'Manberg was just a crater. It went all the way down to the bedrock."

"I'm guessing bedrock means something different than it means here," Wally says.

"The bottom layer of the world?" Ranboo says. "You know, impenetrable. You can't mine past it?"

"Yeah, no, we don't have that here. In the core of our Earth is encased in molten magma."

"Oh, speaking of which, I need to give you a bath," Ranboo says to Michael. "You wouldn't mind if I gave him a bath, would you?"

"Oh," Wally says. "Uh, of course not. Bathe away."

Ranboo hums, ticklish as the invisibility potion starts to wear off.

He rummages through his inventory and settles on some cobble and begins to build a makeshift bath in the center of the room.

“Woah, woah. What are you doing?” Wally asks.

“Making a bath?” Ranboo says.

“Dick has a bath in his bathroom you can use,” Wally says.

“Oh,” Ranboo says. “Okay.” He quickly mines away his meager build and carries Michael to the bathroom.

“Do you guys need privacy?” Wally asks.

“What do you want, Michael?” Ranboo murmurs to the piglin. “Do you want Wally to hang out with us during bathtime or do you want to just be with Boo?”

Michael oinks his thoughts.

“He wants to know if you’re good at playing pirates,” Ranboo tells Wally.

“I’m the *best* at pirates,” Wally says with a grin.

Michael oinks again.

“Then you are welcome to stay during bathtime,” Ranboo says.

Wally still looks away when Ranboo undresses Michael like the gentleman he is. Ranboo plugs the tub and pulls out a bucket of lava. He pours it into the tub and Wally shrieks.

“What are you doing?!” Wally shouts.

“I’m drawing a bath!” Ranboo says. “What does it look like!”

“That looks like fu-reaking lava!”

“It is?” Ranboo says. “What else would Michael bathe in?”

“Right,” Wally says, his voice still a squeak. “Yeah, of course, why wouldn’t he bathe in lava?”

Wally is still pretty freaked out while he plays pirates with Michael, flinching when he splashes in the lava, but Michael eventually gets all clean and Ranboo is ready to put him back into his clothes.

Michael holds his claw to his mouth as he yawns a big yawn.

“Aw, Michael,” Ranboo says, tickling his tummy. “You ready for nap time?”

Michael nods sleepily.

“Bathtime always makes him sleepy. It’s just so warm and comfy,” Ranboo says. He takes a bucket and picks up the lava from the bathtub.

Wally’s eyes bug out, jaw dropping.

“Boo might take a nap too,” Ranboo says into Michael’s fur. He presses a kiss to his forehead. “You wanna take a nap with Boo?”

Michael oinks happily.

“How’s that sound, Wally? Naptime?”

Wally chuckles, face finally going back to normal. “I don’t think I could possibly fall asleep, but you two go ahead. I’ll watch a movie or something.”

Ranboo gets as comfy as he can get on the couch and curls up around Michael, cuddling the piglin in his arms.

“Night night, Michael. I love you.”

## TOMMY

Heist planning is surprisingly *boring*.

When he grieves, he kinda just does it, y’know? There isn’t a lot of thought to it. He thinks about it. He gets the stuff to do it. He does it.

But heists are all about technique. Precision.

It honestly feels a lot like the warplanning he did with Wilbur back in the war. Wilbur never really let him take control of the plans, mostly because his plans were a little out of left field, but he was always present when Wilbur was going over his tactics with the belligerents.

Tommy was never the perfect soldier, but then again, he never planned to be one.

But he was good at it. Damn it all, maybe it’s all he’s good at.

Tommy shakes away the thought and tries to focus back in on what Selina is saying.

Heists are so... tame compared to the grieving he knew.

It’s stealing, yeah, but it’s not just stealing for the fuck of it. You’re not stealing pets or anything sentimental. You’re stealing gems from vapid billionaires or artifacts ripped from their rightful owners sitting in highly surveillanced museums.

And that makes it matter more, Tommy thinks. Grieving is such a mindless thing, even though the impact is never light.

Tommy remembers his first day on the SMP, grieving George, and the reaction he got out of Dream. The way Dream was so mad and Tommy lied and laughed in his face.

Tommy imagines lying and laughing in Dream's face now, after everything.

Tommy would do it. He would put on a brave face and ham it up just like he always does. He would be all big talk and even bigger volume. But there's something in him that squirms at the thought of defying Dream still. That incessant part of him that hoards and hides because he isn't sure when it'll be taken away from him. The part that holds his tongue on the truth and fills his words with nonsense so that no one will know how he feels.

A hand touches his wrist and he jumps at the touch.

When his eyes focus, he sees Pam looking at him with concern.

"Hey, Lina?" Pam says. "I think we could all use a snack break."

Selina pauses, about to interject, but Pam gives her a look and she understands. "Yeah, I could use a snack."

"How does that sound, Tommy?" Pam says. "I've been meaning to see what you think of cheeseballs."

"If they're anything like the cheese on the pizza, then I know I'm gonna like it," Tommy says, his voice not quite as nonchalant and cheerful as he tries to make it.

Pam leads him to the kitchen and pours him a bowl of neon orange balls. She slides it over to him.

"Let me know what you think. And don't pretend to like 'em if you don't. You don't have to."

Tommy takes a bite and is surprised at the crunch. The taste is unlike anything he has ever had, even the cheese on the pizza, but he likes them. He pops another in his mouth.

"You don't have to talk about it," Pam says. "I wouldn't make you do that. I'm no therapist, and I'm definitely no Harley, but... know that we've got your back. And we're here to listen if you ever do want to talk about it."

Tommy's eyes fall to his bowl of cheeseballs, biting the insides of his cheeks. "I'm not used to people being nice to me. Not like how you lot do."

"I'm sorry," Pam says. "I know what that's like. But you deserve to be treated nicely. And you didn't deserve to not be treated nicely."

The words completely understand the impact they've had on his life and the horrors that Tommy has faced in the past, but they're comforting all the same.

"Thanks, Pam," Tommy says.

"Now, eat your cheeseballs," Pam says. "That shit clogs your arteries and Harley's fuckin' obsessed with 'em. I need to get them out of my pantry."



“You know she’s just gonna buy more,” Tommy says.

Pam grins. “Yeah. I also just like seeing you eat something you like.”

Tommy may not be used to this kind of kindness, but he sure wants to get used to it.

## Chapter End Notes

hey y'all! it has been... a hot second. i'm going to be honest, i was super stuck with how to start this chapter. i had no idea how to continue the tubbo scene and because of that i got really stuck with the whole fic and just gave up on it for a while. then i started working on original works, getting busy with university, and oh yeah getting bronchitis and then a bacterial infection and then covid and then parvovirus. so yeah.... it's been a time. but i hope to come back to this one! and i hope you enjoyed my extra long chapter. sorry that it got so serious during the tommy one. i just wrote a really serious chapter for another dream smp fic and i'm really tired and i get introspective when i get tired. anyways thank you for reading and i hope you like it!

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

“What. The *fuck?!?*”

Tubbo’s brows furrow as he sees the mix of incredulity and horror on everyone’s faces.

“What?”

Bee stands stiffly, eyes scanning everything with a slow swivel of the head as he takes it all in. Brown’s jaw is dropped, Jason is pacing hysterically, Tim is chisel and bitsing the ground with his fingers and pocketing the different chunks of blocks, and Bee’s kid is staring at a strider.

“So this has just... been here,” Jason says, voice high.

“I mean, I guess?” Tubbo says. “It looks like yours hasn’t had overworld interference though.” Tubbo notes the lack of mining or marks of overworld building.

“Overworld?” Bee repeats.

“Y’know,” Tubbo says. “Like, where we live.”

“And this is the Underworld?” Bee asks.

“I guess you could call it that,” Tubbo says. “It’s just... the Nether.”

“What the fuck is that?” Brown says, pointing in the distance.

Everyone goes still, breaths hitching.

The ghast lets out a screech and aims its fireball at them.

“Duck!” Tubbo shouts, jumping out of the way.

They all follow Tubbo’s lead and jump out of the way, bracing themselves for impact. The fireball lands in front of the portal and creates a crater beneath it.

“That,” Tubbo says, “was a ghast.”

“And it shoots bombs out of its mouth?” Brown says.

“Fireballs,” Tubbo says.

“Bit on the nose, don’t you think?” Tim mutters.

“Hey!” Tubbo says. “I didn’t name it.”

“Are there any other... inhabitants of the Nether that we should be aware of?” Bee asks.

“Well, there’s the piglins. They’re technically neutral mobs but they are hostile if you don’t wear gold. Zombified piglins are neutral and normally ignore you unless you attack, so just... don’t attack. Enderman are tall, black and purple creatures and just... don’t look them in the eyes and they won’t attack. Blazes are the glowing yellow flying things and their fireballs are a lot more persistent than ghosts. Striders are passive and they’re just vibing. You’ll usually see them walking on the lava. Magma cubes are like fire slimes. They’re annoying and deal damage but not as much as other mobs. Hoglins are very hostile. They’re nasty motherfuckers and you do *not* want to mess with them. Skeletons are, well, skeletons. And wither skeletons are like they sound, skeletons but with the ability to inflict wither effect—”

“Which is?” Tim says.

“You don’t ha— of course you don’t.” Tubbo thinks on how to explain it, hoping that his vocabulary isn’t completely limited. “Think poison. Clings to your heart and damages it until the effect wears off.” Tubbo shrugs. “And, uh, yeah. That’s it.”

“So we just have to stay away from these, what did you call them? Mobs?” Bee says.

“Or just be prepared,” Tubbo says. “Which... you aren’t. You don’t even have axes.”

“I have a sword,” Bee’s kid says.

“And I’ve got a gun,” Jason says.

“Gun?” Tubbo says. “Like... gunpowder?”

“Wait, you’ve got gunpowder but no guns?” Jason says, pulling out some sort of tool that Tubbo doesn’t recognize.

“What does it do?” Tubbo says.

“Any of these mobs attracted to sound?” Jason asks.

“Not that I know of,” Tubbo says.

“This,” Jason says, pointing his gun at the magma cube and shoots it.

The magma cube splits into two smaller cubes and they jump back.

“Shit!” Jason shouts.

“Fascinating,” Bee says.

“It’s like full anatomical division. Like a large scale mitosis,” Tim says with awe.

“It’s like hydras except instead of growing more heads it splits in fuckin’ half,” Brown says.

“How much can it separate?” Bee asks.

“Usually only a couple times,” Tubbo says. “Depends on the size.”

Bee’s kid goes up to it despite the protests from the rest of the group and starts to slash through the magma cubes with his sword. It separates from the incision point until it no longer can.

A hoard of mobs make their way towards the group, both neutral and hostile.

“You know how I said mobs aren’t attracted to sound?” Tubbo says.

“Yeah?” Jason says.

“I *may* have been wrong about that.”

They all share a look.

“Yup, nope,” Brown says, rushing to the portal. “No thank you!” She goes through.

“This has been fun,” Tim says. “But I do not want to die today.”

“Me too. Not again!” Jason says.

“Can they come through the portal?” Bee asks.

“Yes, they can,” Tubbo says.

“Then we better destroy it from the other end,” Bee says.

Tubbo sucks in a sharp breath. “That might take a hot sec. I do not have a diamond or netherite pick on me.”

The mobs grow closer.

“But that is a problem for future me,” Tubbo says, following Bee through the portal. “Even if that future me is just a couple minutes in the future.”

## RANBOO

When Ranboo wakes up, he is not in the place he was before.

Michael is sitting on his lap, chewing on the collar of his shirt, and chuffing softly with contentment.

Ranboo looks around, trying to piece together where it is he enderwalked in his sleep, and his heart races as he starts to piece together his surroundings.

A dirty cell. In some sort of prison. Inescapable bars but surprisingly comfortable seats.

“Hello?” Ranboo calls.

“Oh look!” the person with a half human, half inhuman face in the opposite cell from him says. “It’s awake!”

“Uh,” Ranboo says. “He/him.”

“Pardon?” they say.

“My pronouns,” Ranboo says. “I go by he/him pronouns, not it/its.”

“Oh, he’s got an attitude,” the person with question mark bowler hat in the cell beside him says with an amused grin.

“I didn’t mean to—”

“No, no,” the person covered in what looks like different sauces in the other cell says. “That’s good. You need an attitude to survive in here.”

“And here is...?”

“Arkham Asylum,” half face says. “Though, asylum is such a misleading name.”

“More like Arkham Penitentiary,” bowler hat says with a cackle.

“So you’re... all criminals?” Ranboo says slowly.

“We like to have our fun,” half face says with a smirk. “And the law just doesn’t tend to agree.”

“Yeah, I get that,” Ranboo says. “When I burnt down the king’s house, my friend got exiled.”

“Your friend?” sauce person says. “Not you?”

“You sell him out?” bowler hat asks.

“No! No, of course not,” Ranboo says quickly. “Dream just had it out for him.”

“Dream?” half face says.

“He’s like... in charge,” Ranboo says.

“Like the president?” sauce person says. “But you said there’s a king. He more important than the king?”

“He’s kinda like a God?” Ranboo says. “But not really. He’s in prison now.”

“You’re not very good at explaining shit,” bowler hat says.

Ranboo feels his face heat up with embarrassment. “Yeah. I’ve been told that a lot.”

“Aw, c’mon, man,” bowler hat says. “Don’t gimme that look. You’re makin’ me feel like I pissed on your pig.”

“Huh?” Ranboo says.

“How’d you train your pig to do that, huh?” sauce person says.

“Pig... lin?” Ranboo says.

“That some sort of hybrid shit?” sauce person says. “Like those ligers or something?”

“Uhm, no,” Ranboo says. “Piglins are just... piglins.”

“Is it alien shit then?” sauce person says. “Like you?”

“I think so,” Ranboo says.

“What even are you?” bowler hat asks.

“Heck if I know.”

“I get that,” half face says.

“Are you an alien too?” Ranboo asks.

Half face lets out a sharp laugh. “You’re funny, kid.”

“So how’d you do it?” sauce person says.

“Do what?” Ranboo asks.

“Get into the cell.”

“Oh, uh,” Ranboo says. “I’m not really sure. I sleepwalk. And, uh, sleepteleport.”

“Can you awaketeleport too?” half face asks.

“Uhm,” Ranboo says. “Not really.” He clears his throat. “But I can do this!” Ranboo goes to the cell bars and starts to punch them.

“Woah, woah, woah!” sauce person says. “The fuck’re you doing?”

“Just watch,” Ranboo says. It takes a few seconds but the bars break into a neat square.

“Ho-ly *shit*,” bowler hat breathes.

“You can break us out,” half face says.

“Uhm,” Ranboo says. “No thank you.”

Their faces darken.

“No?” half face says.

“Uhm,” Ranboo says. “You’re criminals. And, uh, I don’t think I’m allowed to let you out.” Ranboo places the bars back. “And, since I broke in, I’m kinda a criminal too. And since I don’t know how to get out of here without, uhm, dying, I’m just gonna hang out here with you if that’s okay.”

They all slump in their seats, scoffing at Ranboo.

“Well,” half face says. “Guess we’re stuck in here with you.”

## TOMMY

Heists are fucking *awesome*.

They’re tedious, yes, and a lot of waiting and way more acting than he expected, but the rush of stealing shit is like drinking a regen pot and MLGing from the build limit.

Adrenaline, Harley explains to him. Something inside his body that makes him feel like his heart is about to beat out of its chest like the thrill of a lifetime.

The art museum they went to the other day is hosting an exhibit which basically means that people are showing off expensive shit.

Selina explains that there is high security on everything. That there’s guards and cameras and tripwires that set off alarms. So they have to play this smart.

They all go disguised as guests. The ladies get dressed up nice in fancy dresses and makeup and Tommy wears a suit for the first time since the elections.

And yup. He still hates wearing them.

But, he does get to drink some alcohol because apparently being tall tricks people into thinking you’re older than you are.

(Or maybe because this is a 21+ event but that’s not the point.)

The ladies go around schmoozing with the rich schmucks, stealing the watches off of their wrists, and Tommy gets to walk around and admire the art.

Tommy has never been much of a connoisseur of art. He finds the intricacy of it all baffling. There’s too much nuance, things unsaid and left to interpretation for him to get it.

Wilbur would probably get it. Him and his stupid metaphors and poetry. He saw meaning in things that Tommy could never see past what was at the surface.

Maybe that’s why he could never see when people were manipulating him. Because he only saw what they wanted him to see and he couldn’t see beneath the mask.

Tommy shakes away the thought, trying to focus on the task on hand, and makes his way through the crowd.

His eyes scan over the different displays and nothing catches his eye until he sees it.

It makes him freeze, dread pooling in his gut at just the sight of it.

There's a helmet, protected behind a glass box. It looks just like the kind of armor they wore during the War for Independence. There's an arrow striking through it and Tommy's first thought is that it must be shit armor if an arrow can pierce through it like that. He ignores the sting in his chest that remembers the arrow cutting through his skin.

"Breathtaking, isn't it?"

Tommy jolts at the sudden voice. A woman stands beside him looking thoughtfully at the sculpture.

"What?" Tommy says.

"The artistry of it," she says. "War, the concept is so abstract to us, but the brutality of it, the barbaric vengeance that it is built upon, it really makes you think."

"Yeah," Tommy says. "Makes you think." He can't tear his eyes away from the sculpture. "I think maybe they were thinking, though. You go to war not because you're thinking but because you're feeling. You care too much about something and you fight for it. Not because it's the right choice or the smart choice but because it's what you think you have to do. So I guess there is thinking. Just not... not good thinking."

She hums. "I suppose you're right." She looks at Tommy. "Why do you think men go to war?"

"Because when they love something enough, when, when someone else wants something enough, it doesn't work out. One person can't want what someone else loves. They can't have it because they'll never 'em have it. So, they fight because that's the only way they'll get it, and the only way they can keep it."

"It's almost romantic, isn't it?" she says, pressing a manicured nail to her chin.

"War?" Tommy says, disbelief dripping from his voice. "How can war be romantic?"

"To love something enough to die for it," she says. "Even if it isn't a person. Imagine being that loved."

"I can't," Tommy says. "I can only imagine loving something like that."

"You aren't a symbol of hope," she muses. "You are the soldier that fights for the prospect of it."

Tommy swallows thickly. "Yeah. I guess I am."

"It's been a pleasure," she says, "but there is a whole exhibit for me to see."

"Yeah," Tommy says. "Nice talking with you."



She walks away but Tommy still can't pry his eyes away from the helmet.

But there's a reason Technoblade had called Tommy a racoon. Everyone on the SMP knows it. Tommy is many things, and impulsive is an unfortunate staple of his being.

Tommy fingers brush over the glass, something about the way the metal is worn and weathered tugging at his heart with aching familiarity, and the alarms start to shriek.

Selina grabs him by the hand. "Now here's the fun part," Selina breaks the glass and places the helmet in his hand. He makes it disappear into his inventory. "The chase."

## Chapter End Notes

I'M BACK BITCHES!!! now that i'm taking a break from 911 stuff, it is my goal to finish this story, so hopefully there will be more updates coming soon. also, sorry for getting so serious in the tommy part. idk what it is about tommy that makes me get so serious. i know this is supposed to be a crackfic but i've been writing serious shit for a hot sec and it's hard to break out of that. hopefully it wasn't too bad of a whiplash.

also i'm so sorry to the eggpocalypse survivor readers who got the notif of me updating that fic instead of this fic :sob:

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

As they step through the other side of the portal, Tubbo gets to work on mining the Obsidian as best he can with the n00b tools he has.

When the block is mined, the portal deactivates, and everyone takes a collective breath of relief.

As they all pry their eyes away from the portal, all less Tubbo still when they look at the computer.

“What?” Tubbo says. “What is it?”

“The Sirens struck while we were gone,” Bee says.

“Siren?” Tubbo asks.

“A group of law-breaking thrill seekers,” Bee’s kid says.

“They pulled a heist tonight at Camille Billops Art Museum.” Tim says. He frowns. “And it looks like they have a new addition.” Tim moves his fingers rapidly on the click-y thing with letters. “It doesn’t look like any security footage could get a clear photo of this new accomplice. Stature seems to be male, above average height, muscular but not overtly so. Caucasian, blonde, heavily scarred on the few amounts of skin visible. Clearly trained, though maybe not for what they’re doing. Gait indicates military experience.”

“So we’ve got an ex-military man working with the Sirens. But why? They haven’t seemed to be open to male additions to their group,” Brown says.

“He also has left a signature,” Tim says. “Some sort of stone statue. It’s too precise to be natural, has to be carved somehow. I just don’t understand how they brought it in. It’s large enough to be inconvenient and conspicuous.”

“Maybe he passed it as one of the exhibits in storage?” Brown says.

“Hollow, perhaps,” Bee’s kid says.

Tubbo peeks his head to see what they’re look at and snorts. “Looks like a cobble dick.”

They all pause, heads turning to look at Tubbo.

Jason looks at the picture again, pondering. “You know what? The kid might be onto something. That does look like a dick.”

Tim splutters. “It— you think that his signature is... phallic statues?”

“I think that when you really look at it, it looks like a dick,” Jason says.

“Look,” Brown says. “They’re left throughout the city.”

“He’s leaving a trail,” Bee mutters. “He wants to followed. Wants the chase.”

“And are we going to give it to him?” Tim asks.

“I don’t like not knowing what I’m facing,” Bee says.

“Looks like we’re doing some recon!” Brown says.

“And what about the kid?” Jason says.

“He’ll stay here,” Bee says.

“No, wait!” Tubbo says. “I can help.”

“No,” Bee says firmly. “You may be trained, but I don’t know your full skillset and weaknesses. You’ll just be a liability in the field.”

“But I know how he made that signature,” Tubbo says.

They all go silent.

“How?” Bee demands.

Tubbo pulls some cobble out of his inventory and places the five pieces into an identical shape as the cobble dick.

“Hn,” Bee grunts. “And this man, do you think he’s from your world?”

“Well,” Tubbo says. “I think he’s from a world like mine. But I’m just from one server. There’s hundreds of those, some unwhitelisted like Hypixel that get over fifty thousand people a day.”

“So, you’re saying that you couldn’t identify this man,” Bee says.

“Well I certainly don’t know fifty thousand people, mate.”

Bee grunts again. “But you know how to counteract his abilities.”

“Well,” Tubbo says, “I’m not exactly the most cracked at PVP, but I *was* a Dreamon hunter.”

Bee sighs. “Well, you’re not going out like that.”

RANBOO

Ranboo is getting pretty comfortable in his cell, putting most of his attention on trying to entertain Michael as best he can and stop him from trying to drink the toilet water, when the sound of a slammed door rings through the cell hall.

Whispers fill the silence and Ranboo can't pick up the individual words but he knows that something, no, someone important is coming.

A guard and a ghastly pale man with bright green hair and clown makeup stand outside of Ranboo's cell.

The clown gasps dramatically. "You took my spot!"

Ranboo's back straightens with horror. "Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. I didn't even realize. I can leave—"

The guard makes a noise of disagreement. "They double booked the cell? That's your problem, not mine."

He opens up the cell door and throws the clown in before locking it shut. A thick glass-like wall descends from the ceiling and covers the bars from the outside.

The clown cackles, grinning at Ranboo. He makes direct eye contact with him and he feels the rush of discomfort shoot through him and he quickly looks away.

"Oh. I spooked you," the clown says. "Does my reputation precede me?"

"Uh, actually, eye contact just makes me uncomfortable," Ranboo says.

"Ah! I know all about that. Crane is autistic and can't stand eye contact. It's why he wears the mask. Well, and to filter out the gases, but that's semantics."

"Uh, I'm not—"

"So! You funky little alien man. What should I call you?"

"My name's Ranboo," Ranboo says. "And uh, this is my son, Michael."

"Nice that they let him in with you. What's the opposite of paternity leave? Paternity stay?"

Ranboo doesn't correct the man. "And what should I call you? Name? Pronouns?"

The clown puts a hand over his heart. "You know what? I don't get asked that very often. That's very nice. You can call me The Joker. You know, most people refer to me as he/him pronouns but I don't really care much about how you refer to me, just that you're talking about me." He cackles at his joke.

"So any pronouns?" Ranboo clarifies.

"You sprinkle in as many neopronouns as your heart desires. I truly do not give a damn."

“I’m sorry for taking your cell,” Ranboo blurts out. “I didn’t mean to.”

“Well no one means to get arrested, do they?”

“I, uh, actually teleported in here by accident.”

The Joker turns to face Ranboo slowly, eyes carefully pointed at his forehead. “Teleportation, you say?”

“I can’t control it,” Ranboo says.

The Joker huffs. “Is there anything you *can* control?”

“Oh!” Ranboo says. “I just got to show the other guys.” He mines the bars and holds them out to The Joker.

The Joker’s eyes go wide. “Do you think you could do that to anything? Say… that glass? Or the wall right there?”

“I can try,” Ranboo says. His hand is kinda starting to hurt but he’s too much of a pushover to say anything about it.

He mines out the two blocks and turns to The Joker, secretly hoping for some sort of validation, but she just pushes past him and sticks xyr hand through the hole and presses something that Ranboo can’t see that brings the glass wall up and the cell doors open.

Sie laughs triumphantly, clapping vaer hands together gleefully.

The Joker turns to Ranboo with a smile that sends a chill down Ranboo’s spine. “Thank you, Ranboo. You ready to have some fun?”

And it’s in that moment that Ranboo realizes he fucked up.

## TOMMY

Tommy is having a grand old time doing some parkour with the ladies and building cobble dicks everywhere when suddenly they’re intercepted by the bat bitches.

Tommy recognizes them from the pictures that he was shown in preparation but he’s having trouble with their names.

He’ll just call them… Deepslate Douche (because of the grey and black getup and general shitty vibes), Concrete Cunt (because the only time he’s seen colors that vibrant and ugly is in concrete), Redstone Rat (because of the red and the fact they’re short like a rat), and Purple Niki (because he can’t think of anything purple and he used up his nicknames for the rest of them).

“Well hello there lads,” Tommy says with a small salute. “What do I owe you the pleasure?”

“Who are you?” Deepslate Douche asks, their voice deep and gravely.

“You need a drink there, mate? You seem to’ve got somethin’ in your throat,” Tommy says.

Deepslate Douche takes a threatening step towards Tommy.

“Woah, there. Boundaries, big man.”

Deepslate Douche stills. “Big man?”

And Tommy realizes that somehow he’s said something wrong.

“Welp, this has been fun, but I’m just gonna—”

He jumps off the building and they all let out shouts of alarm.

Tommy catches himself with a ladder clutch and starts to make his way on the sides of the buildings, placing and landing on the ladders.

Tommy knows that they’re after him now and he laughs as he makes his way to absolutely nowhere, knowing that the fun is not knowing what the hell you’re doing.

They make their way across the different buildings, Tommy speedbridging his way across them and cackling as he sees the pure perplexion in the bat bitches.

Somewhere along the way, the ladies catch up with him and join him in the run. They’ve got their own tricks of their sleeves.

The bat bitches are starting to gain in on them and Tommy is honestly starting to get a little winded and needs an energy boost.

“Tommy,” Harley calls to him with a smirk. “On three, you do your bucket trick. I’ll meet you down there.”

Tommy jumps off the building, bucket in hand, ready to MLG, and he hears a bang from the roof.

When he lands, he looks up and sees a giant explosion of glitter. He laughs. Those bitches deserve it.

Somehow, Harley, Pam, and Selina have joined him on the ground.

“Where do we go now?” Tommy asks.

“Well,” Pam says. “We’ve got the goods to take home. How does Chinese takeout sound?”

“I have no idea what that is,” Tommy says. “But if it’s as good as everything else you’ve given me, then I’m down.”

Selina nudges his shoulder. “Oh, it’s good alright. C’mon. The getaway car is just over—”

*BOOM!!!*

Tommy flinches. “Was that one of yours?”

Selina frowns. “No.” She turns to her wives. “Did you hear anything in the Rogue grapevine about this?”

Pam shakes her head. “No.”

A mist starts to permeate the air and the ladies’s breaths hitch.

“Gas,” Harley says, voice more grave than Tommy’s ever heard it.

“Red and green,” Selina says. “Joker and Scarecrow are working together. It’s a hybrid.” They are already pulling out gas masks and putting them over their mouths.

“What does that mean?” Tommy asks.

Their eyes go wide.

“You don’t have a mask,” Harley gasps. She goes to take hers off but Pam stops her.

“He’s already exposed,” Pam says. “It won’t do us any good if you both are.”

“Exposed to what?” Tommy asks.

“Well hey there Tommy,” an all too familiar voice says behind him. Tommy’s heart spikes and he turns with trembling petrification to face the smiley masked man. “You miss me?”

## Chapter End Notes

IT'S ALL COMING TOGETHER!!! also, the joker neopronouns gag is the most incomprehensible and stupid joke i've ever made and it WILL continue in all ranboo povs.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

Tubbo is left behind with Jason as the others go to chase the mysterious traveler from Tubbo's dimension.

"So," Tubbo says. "We gearing up?"

"Something like that," Jason says. "What do you wear in a fight?"

"Uh," Tubbo says. "Depends on what kind."

"The kind where you need to be protected but you also need to be stealthy and agile."

"Oh!" Tubbo says. "Probably a mix of leather and netherite."

"Netherite?" Jason repeats, obviously unfamiliar with the material.

"You get it in the nether."

"Yeah, I gathered that," Jason says flatly. "I mean, what is it?"

"It's the most OP material on a server basically. Stronger than diamond."

"Diamond ain't that strong."

"Maybe not here," Tubbo says. "But diamond is one of the most durable materials to build tools and armor from."

"Well," Jason says. "We're not in the middle ages, so you're not wearing any of that chestplate, chainmail type shit."

"Actually, chainmail is—"

"Yeah, I don't got time for a biology lesson," Jason says. "C'mon. You look about Tim's size. Let's see if some of his stealth gear fits."

Jason ends up giving Tubbo a mix of tight and padded armor that feels almost like leather but mostly unexplainable. It's dark red which is definitely not Tubbo's colors but at least they fit well and don't give him too much of a wedgie.

"How's that feel?" Jason asks.

"Nice," Tubbo says, his awe clearly evident in his voice.



“You think you can fight in it?”

“I don’t know,” Tubbo says. He holds up his hands in combat form.

“Oh, you wanna spar?” Jason grins.

“You better not go easy on me,” Tubbo says.

“Oh, you bet I won’t.”

Jason is obviously a skilled fighter with years of experience, but Tubbo fights *dirty*. You have to when you’re at war and you know your opponent won’t play fair. Tubbo isn’t the best at melee, not like Tommy who spent years on Hypixel or God forbid someone like Techno, but he manages to pull a few tricks with the stick thing that just feels like a top-light axe. Jason picks up his own stick and then it’s like a swordfight, something that Tubbo feels about as confident with as he did with the hand-to-hand.

It’s not that long of fight and Jason eventually gets the upper hand, knocking Tubbo to his back with his stick at his throat.

Jason chuckles lowly. “Nice job, kid. You lasted longer than I thought.” He pulls Tubbo back to his feet. “Where’d you learn to fight like that?”

“No one place,” Tubbo says honestly. “You pick things up during the war.”

Jason’s smile falters. He clears his throat. “Right. Well, are you ready to—”

“Hood,” Bee’s voice says, coming from the computer. “We were still unable to identify the new addition to the Sirens. But he has the marking of the Lazarus Pit.”

“Shit,” Jason says under his breath.

“What does that mean?” Tubbo asks.

“Nothing good,” Jason says. “It means that he’s most likely part of the League of Assassins.”

“They don’t sound like very nice people.”

“They’re not,” Jason says gravely. “I would know.”

“You were an assassin?” Tubbo asks, eyes going wide.

“Something like it,” Jason says.

“Well, what are we gonna do?” Tubbo asks.

“Hope that things don’t go completely to shit.”

RANBOO

Ranboo accidentally becomes the accomplice to crimes far too often than he should.

If he had a nickel for every time this happened, he would have... several nickels. Maybe enough to make a dollar. How many nickels are in a dollar? Nickels are... five cents... and a hundred divided by five is... and then carry the ten...

That's not the point!

The Joker has dragged Ranboo along for his plans. What plans, Ranboo isn't exactly sure.

They meet up with Arthur Crane, the autistic man that The Joker had mentioned earlier, who is honestly a really cool guy. He's a little all over the place but so are most of the people that Ranboo knows.

Crane is pretty surprised that Ranboo doesn't recognize him and he admits that he's pretty new to Gotham. Crane claps Ranboo on the back and says that he deserves a proper initiation.

And, well, that does sound kinda nice. Ranboo didn't really get the most warm welcome to the Dream SMP and even though these guys are like clearly criminals but also, like, his husband literally conspired against the government that he was actively the secretary for. So... he's not one to judge.

They haven't really been very clear on what exactly they were imprisoned for.

But, Ranboo has to guess that it's gotta do with whatever these gas things are.

"They're like long range splash potions?" Ranboo asks.

Crane and The Joker meet each other's eyes and just laugh.

Ranboo doesn't know what was so funny but he's guessing that it's just one of those things he'll never really understand.

The Joker and Crane pull Ranboo aside and tell him that they have an important job for him.

And listen. Ranboo doesn't really do well with responsibility. He tends to crumble under the pressure of it all so he's quite reluctant to help.

"It's a simple job," The Joker says. "We just need a distraction."

"A distraction?" Ranboo repeats.

"Whatever you can think of. As big as your heart desires. Fireworks, explosions, a live nude performance of Rain On Me by Lady Gaga. I frankly do not give a single fuck as long as it is distracting."

"I don't know that song," Ranboo mumbles.

"Not the point," The Joker says, quirk clipped voice making him flinch. "Do you think you can manage a distraction?"

"Fireworks?" Ranboo says, voice wavering warily. "Explosions?"

“A boom would be nice.”

“My husband makes nukes,” Ranboo says.

“Maybe not that big of a boom,” The Joker says, shaking thon head.

And Ranboo wracks his brain trying to think of what could possibly be used as a distraction. He feels around his inventory and stills.

No.

He can’t possibly... right...?

But there’s something about the dangerous glint in The Joker’s eyes and a edge to ptheir grin that makes Ranboo’s heart sink.

“How do you feel about pigs?”

The Joker’s grin grows. “Couldn’t hate ‘em more.”

## TOMMY

Tommy falls as he stumbles back at the sight of Dream.

“Aw, Tommy,” Dream coos. “I know. It’s been so long.”

“Dream,” Tommy whispers. “How did you get out of prison?” He gulps. “How did you get *here*?”

“Oh, Tommy, you should know that *prison* can’t hold me. I’m a God, remember? If death can’t stop me, pistons and lava definitely can’t.” Dream takes a step towards Tommy. “And you definitely can’t.”

“I did, though. We did.”

“We?” Dream says. “We who? You and your precious Tubbo. Where is he, by the way? Certainly not with you. He leave you again?”

“He didn’t leave me,” Tommy says.

“But didn’t he?” Dream says. “Chose the presidency over his best friend. Chose L’Manberg over you.”

“You made him do that.”

“Tubbo can make his own choices,” Dream says. “Imagine him hearing you say that he’s just a puppet that I control. Is that what he is. Is that what *you* are?”

“I am not your puppet,” Tommy spits. “I’m not your anything.”

“But aren’t you?” Dream flicks his wrist and Tommy’s arms are yanked up by strings. “You’re mine, Tommy. I control you. I always have. Every time you made a decision, you were playing right into my game. You didn’t even need a script, you just fell right into your role.” Dream tugs him by the strings towards him. “You were always my favorite toy.”

“Fuck you,” Tommy says, his trembling voice betraying him.

“Why do you think I came after you here?” Dream says. “There’s no one to save you. No one to know you’re even gone. Just poor little Tommy, defenseless and alone.”

“I’m not alone,” Tommy says. “I’ve got—” He turns to look at the ladies but they’re no where to be seen. “No. They were just here.”

“Clearly they couldn’t stand to be with you anymore,” Dream says, his voice bored. “Why would they? No one ever stays, do they?”

That cuts deep into Tommy, his insecurity near palpable.

“Your little friends you made here? They don’t care about you,” Dream says. “Not like me. *I’m* your friend.”

“You were never my friend,” Tommy says.

“C’mon, Tommy,” Dream says. “Don’t be like that. I’m being nice here. I don’t have to be nice.” Dream takes Tommy’s chin in his hand and yanks it up to look into his mask. “Don’t make me have to be not nice. That’s not fun for anyone, is it?” Dream crouches down so he’s eye level with Tommy. “What do you say, Tommy?”

“Fuck you,” Tommy spits with no real heat.

Dream’s grip on his chin tightens. “*Tommy*. What do you say?”

Tommy’s breath shudders. “I’m sorry, Dream.”

“That’s right,” Dream says. “You should be.” He stands so he towers over Tommy. “Too bad sorry isn’t enough.”

“What?” Tommy breathes.

“You know, if you just behaved yourself, I wouldn’t have to do this.” Dream holds out his hand and suddenly Tubbo is there, bound and gagged, his eyes terrified.

“Tubbo!” Tommy shouts.

“Look what you made me do, Tommy,” Dream says. “This is all your fault.”

There is no flourish as Dream kills Tubbo. Just a quick decapitation before he pushes his limp body to the ground.

Tommy crawls to Tubbo, heart in his throat, unable to process what has just happened.

Tubbo's detached head turns to face Tommy, eyes ablaze with rage. "You killed me, Tommy."

Tommy jumps back, confused and scared.

"You were always going to be the death of me," Tubbo says. "I never should've followed you. I never should've trusted you."

"No, Tubbo, please," Tommy cries.

"You should've died in that cell. He should've never brought you back." And then his eyes go glassy.

"Tubbo?" Tears stream down Tommy's face. "Tubbo?! Tubbo!" He tries desperately to cling to what had once been his best friend but it's not quite solid beneath his touch.

"Tubbo," Tommy sobs.

And then, like a knight in shining armor riding up on his horse, but in red leather riding a pig with a carrot, his best friend pulls him away from the illusion. Real, solid arms loop around Tommy's middle, his ear resting on a beating heart.

"I'm here, Tommy. I'm right here."

## Chapter End Notes

a shorter chapter today! i didn't have as much that i wanted to get done this chapter. the tubbo and ranboo parts were definitely more filler building up for the climax. more to come soon hopefully!

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### TUBBO

“Shit.”

Tubbo barely has a second to process what Jason says before he’s strapping something over Tubbo’s face.

“What is that?” Tubbo asks, looking at the mist that covers the city.

Screams and shrieks of laughter permeate the air, bone chilling and tear prickling.

“What’s happened to them?” Tubbo whispers, watching with speechless horror.

“Fear gas,” Jason says. “It traps you in your worst fears.”

“Will they be okay?”

And Jason’s silence is answer enough.

“C’mon,” Jason says, nudging Tubbo’s shoulder. “We can’t save them all. Not yet. Right now, we need to focus on taking in the Rogues.”

Jason leads Tubbo towards the others who are fighting what seems to be three well dressed femmes while... wait. Is that—

“Tommy!” Tubbo shouts, pushing past Jason and running towards the blonde cowering on the ground.

“Tubbo! Wait!”

Tubbo doesn’t listen to Jason. Nothing can keep him from Tommy.

Tubbo knows what Tommy looks like scared. The panic in his eyes as he tries to keep a brave face, hidden behind cocky smiles and bravado. He’s only seen Tommy in sheer terror a few times and each time compounded on the last. Eret’s betrayal. Tommy’s first death. Tommy’s first exile. Wilbur blowing up L’Manberg.

Tubbo hates seeing Tommy scared. They’ve spent too much of their life scared.

So to see Tommy like this, trembling and teary eyed, seeing something that Tubbo can’t just makes his heart clench.

Tubbo’s legs can’t take him to Tommy fast enough. Oddly, a pig passes by Tubbo.

Wait.

A pig.

Tubbo goes into his inventory and uses the four by four to put together a carrot and fishing rod. He hops on the back of the pig and prays that this pig doesn't have a bum leg.

He dangles the carrot in front of the pig and it immediately breaks in a sprint, almost knocking Tubbo straight off of it.

As Tubbo nears Tommy, he can hear Tommy's cries.

"Tubbo!"

"Tommy!" Tubbo shouts back, but Tommy doesn't seem to hear him.

Tommy lets out a strangled scream, crawling to whatever vision he's seeing. Suddenly, he jumps back, his eyes dazed and confused.

"No, Tubbo, please."

Almost there. He's almost there.

"I'm coming, Tommy!" Tubbo says. "I'm right here!"

Something in Tommy breaks and Tubbo wishes he could hear what he is so he can dispel whatever lies his mind is making him see.

"Tubbo?" Tommy says with a wavering voice, tears streaming fast. "Tubbo?! Tubbo!" He seems to be trying to hug something and Tubbo realizes that Tommy isn't calling for Tubbo, he's seen something happen to him.

Tubbo throws the carrot to the ground and rushes Tommy's side, holding his face in his hands to force his eyes to him. "I'm here, Tommy. I'm right here."

"Tubbo?" Tommy whispers.

Tubbo smiles, tears welling in his eyes. "Yeah, Tommy. It's me."

"No," Tommy says, pulling away from Tubbo. "No, you're not— you're not really here—"

"I am," Tubbo says pleadingly. "Tommy, please. I'm right here."

"Tubbo?"

Tubbo looks up and sees Bee standing there with the rest of his family.

"Help," Tubbo says, voice breaking.

"He needs an antidote," Bee says. "One that we don't have synthesized."

“No,” Tubbo says, a tear falling down his cheek. “You’ve gotta help him.”

“We need more time,” Bee says. “The antidote—”

“Antidote,” Tubbo repeats. He gasps with realization. “Milk. He needs milk! Does anyone have milk?”

They all look at each other confused.

“Tubbo—”

“Please,” Tubbo says, his voice raw. “He just needs milk and he’ll be fine. Just a bucket of milk. Even a glass. Please.”

“We don’t have milk,” Jason says slowly.

Tubbo breaks, curling into himself with a sob. “I’m sorry, Tommy. I’m so sorry.”

“Tubbo, catch!”

Tubbo’s head snaps up, eyes wide with hope, hands ready.

An item dropped bucket of milk lands in his inventory and he chokes on another sob, not even processing where it’s come from.

He brings it to Tommy’s lips, forcing the teen to drink down the milk.

Waiting with bated breath, Tubbo watches as the cognizance returns to Tommy’s eyes. The blonde boy blinks at Tubbo, exhausted and confused.

“Tubbo?” Tommy says. “Is that really you?”

Tubbo laughs with disbelief, nodding and grabbing Tommy’s hands.

“Is this... your husband?” Bee asks, his lips curled with a sour look.

Tubbo shakes his head, about to respond, when he’s beaten to it.

“No,” the familiar voice of Tommy’s savior says. “I am.”

Tubbo looks up slowly, unable to believe it until he sees him.

Ranboo stands there, shuffling awkwardly, and giving an uncomfortable wave, balancing their son on his hip.

“Boo?”

Ranboo smiles and Michael chuffs excitedly. “Hey, Bee.”

RANBOO



It's really not hard to escape from The Joker. Zay are pretty preoccupied with the whole terrorizing the city thing.

So, when Ranboo comes across Tubbo sobbing over an out of it Tommy, it's honestly not the weirdest or most upsetting thing that's happened to him today.

It's a relief that he has a milk bucket to help Tommy and the hug that Tubbo gives him is really nice.

Michael is excited to see Tubbo, as he always is. Tubbo wraps Michael up in his embrace, shoving his face into the soft fur on his head, burying the piglin's face into his neck.

"I've missed you, Michael. I've missed you so much," Tubbo murmurs.

A blur of lightning erupts between them and Wally and Dick run to Ranboo with frazzled worry.

"Ranboo!" Dick says. "Thank God, you're okay."

"Woah, woah, wait," the one in the purple suit says. "Dick. You know Tubbo's husband?"

"Tubbo's—" Dick's eyes go to Tubbo who holds Michael. "Oh, wow, hi! Ranboo's told me so much about you. And I was... not expecting you to look the way you do." Dick's eyes go wide. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry. That was so rude of me."

"Don't worry about it," Tubbo says. "I've heard much worse."

"Still," Dick says. "I'm... uh." He clears his throat. "Ranboo's been staying with me while he's been visiting our planet."

"Planet?" the one in red and black says.

"Yeah?" Dick says. "Because he's an alien?"

"No," red and black says. "He's from another dimension."

Dick's jaw drops. "Oh. Definitely didn't see that one coming."

"So I'm... not an alien?" Ranboo says.

"Well, we don't know about that," Tubbo says.

"Fair," Ranboo says.

Wally goes to Ranboo and looks at his chin. "Ranboo. I was so worried when you had disappeared."

"That's not your fault," Ranboo quickly deflects. "You can't control my enderwalking. I can't even control that."

"I'm just glad you're okay," Wally says.

“Yeah,” Ranboo says. “I woke up in this cell? With this person named The Joker? And then de got me to bust everyone out of the prison? And then I placed a pig spawner? And, uh, now I’m here.”

“Well,” purple says. “We definitely do not have time to unpack all of that.”

“Wait,” the one in the bright yellow cape says. “I think we are all overlooking important information. Tubbo is working with the assassin!”

“Assassin?” Tubbo repeats, head whipping to face them. “Tommy’s not an assassin. He’s my best friend.”

“But he’s got the streak,” the one in the red helmet says, motioning to their forehead, presumably to the hair they can’t see.

“Yeah,” Tommy says. “I don’t know why I’ve got it. Didn’t have it before I got beaten to death by a potato and revived.”

“Revived,” the one in red and black repeats. “In the Lazarus Pit?”

Tommy’s brows furrow. “No? With the revive book?”

“The revive book?” the one in all black with an extremely gravely voice repeats.

“I’m guessing you guys don’t have one of those,” Tommy says. “Well, maybe you do, but your server’s got like a bajillion people on it. Maybe someone else has it.”

“A revive book? Now that sounds fun.”

All of them jolt at the cackle of the mad man approaching.

“Oh, Batsy,” The Joker says. “It’s like a party over here. You’re having fun in your own little corner and giving me no attention.”

“*Joker*,” Batsy (?) growls.

“Wait, back up,” Tommy says. “*Joker*? You’re Harley’s ex.”

“Hm,” kei says. “Well that’s usually not what I’m known for.”

“What *are* you known for?” Tubbo asks.

“Oh, I’m the master of chaos!” nae exclaims, holding their arms out. “Gotham didn’t know what hit her ‘til I came along. So serious, so dark, so *vengeant*. But I knew how to lighten the mood. I knew that a joke was what she needed. What they all needed! The people of Gotham trudge to their days, playing roles to their own little stories, but they’re not the main character. No. They’re the extras, meandering in the background and waiting to be subjected to the real plot. And they don’t understand. They would never understand. The punchline still comes and the people still laugh and laugh and—”

And suddenly Joker's head is on the ground.

## TOMMY

Tommy heaves labored breaths, his axe in hand, as he stares wildly at Joker's decapitated head. "I'm done hearing you talk." He huffs mirthlessly. "Take that, you abusive fuck." Tommy slips his axe back into his inventory and turns back to them. "So, what were we talking about?"

"You killed him," they say, voice shaking and ashen. They take off their helmet and reveal teal eyes hidden behind a mask and black hair with a white streak like Tommy's.

"So what of it?" Tommy says. "Bastard deserved it. Th—" Tommy pauses. "What are The Joker's pronouns?"

"Zyd uses any," Ranboo says.

"Right, thanks. Zie hurt Harley. He hurt me and the however many people are in this city. And I'm guessing this isn't naer first time. I know people like mair. And I know what it's like to be hurt by someone like lim and to never feel safe knowing he's still out there. Even locked away, you know any day is the day he'll break out and come for you. You'll never be safe until he's gone for good." Tommy takes a shaky breath. "Harley deserves to feel safe and so do the people of Gotham."

Streak goes to Tommy and shakes his hand. "Thank you, Tommy."

Tommy's mouth drops open, not expecting that response. "He hurt you too?"

Streak nods, lips curled with held back tears.

"I hope you get to feel safe too."

Streak smiles and nods.

"Wait, wait," Tubbo says. "Tommy, Ranboo. How are you guys here?" He stops. "Random portal? Green?"

"Yes!" Tommy says.

"You too?" Ranboo says.

"I guess it got all of us," Tubbo says. "Are either of your communicators working?"

Tommy pulls his out, clicking the button. "Nope."

"Yeah, mine t—" Ranboo does this same, expecting the black screen, but instead it lights up as per usual. "Or maybe not." Ranboo stares at it with scrunched brows. "I must've done something to it while I was enderwalking." He scrolls through the settings and stills. "Wait a second. I'm admin."

“You’re *what?*” Tubbo gasps.

“Admin,” Ranboo says. “This server must’ve not had an admin and automatically appointed to me.” Ranboo pauses. “Hm. Slash effect clear at a.” He types in the command and the gas disappears and everyone who consumed it is cleared of the effects. “I’m not gonna think about the consequences of that command. Nope.” Ranboo looks up at the bat bitches. “What are the coordinates to that prison I was in?”

“Arkham Asylum?” the bitch in blue and black asks.

“Sure,” Ranboo says.

“Uh... one sec. O, do you happen to have those coordinates?” A pause. “Ah, got it!” He lists off the coordinates.

“Oh, great, they’re all in a faction.” Ranboo types at his communicator. “Let’s hope I’m not clipping anyone in any walls.” With a final click, he teleports the rogues back to Arkham Asylum.

The ladies hold the breaths and let out a sigh of relief.

“It didn’t take us,” Selina breathes.

“You’re not part of the faction,” Ranboo says with a shrug.

“Yeah,” Pam says, thoughtfully. “I guess we’re not.”

“These your friends?” Harley says to Tommy.

“Yeah,” Tommy says. “They are. And I think it’s time for me to go home.”

Harley pulls Tommy into a hug. “Thank you,” she whispers, her tears soaking into his shoulder. “You have no idea what you’ve done. You don’t know what it means to me.”

“I do,” Tommy says. “And that’s why I did it.”

Harley pulls away and he turns to Pam and Selina. “Thank you for everything. I’ll never forget you. Or pizza.”

Pam chuckles. “We won’t forget about you either.”

“You’re going home?” blue and black bitch says, looking at Ranboo with wide teary eyes.

“I was always going to go home,” Ranboo says. “But... I’m glad I got to meet you. People aren’t nice like you where we come from.” He turns to the yellow bitch. “It was nice meeting you too. I wish I could’ve shown you all the potions.”

They chuckle tearily and pull Ranboo in for a hug which he does not return stiffly.

“Uh,” Tubbo says, “everyone is saying goodbye like they’ve made these epic connections, but, uh... I’m not going to miss you? And I didn’t really enjoy being with you?”

“That’s very fair,” Redstone Rat says. “Well, I can’t say the same. It was nice getting to know you, Tubbo.”

“I am definitely not going to miss the nether,” Purple Niki.

“Do you need assistance recreating the portal?” Deepslate Douche says.

As if on cue, a green portal rips through the air.

To his surprise, a figure in a lime green dress jumps out with a shriek.

“Man. That’s was worse than the time I rode the Terror Tower ten times in a row.” She looks up at the three of them. “Finally! The right dimension! You would not believe how hard it was to figure out which one you got spit out of.”

“Drista?” Tommy says.

“Don’t wear it out,” Drista says. “So sorry about this. I tried to flush the Godly toilet and accidentally pushed the ‘create portals to an alternate dimension’ button instead.”

Tommy blinks. “Yeah, that tracks.”

“So, you ready to go back?” she says.

Tommy looks at the ladies longingly.

Selina smiles sadly. “You’ve got a whole dimension to get back to.”

Pam squeezes his shoulder. “I hope you get to feel safe again.”

“Tommy! Andale!” Drista calls. “The whole ‘are you ready’ thing was rhetorical. I’ve got like a minute max before this portal starts leeching from my organs. Chop chop!”

“Thank you,” Tommy says.

“No,” Harley says. “Thank *you*.”

Tommy swipes at his eyes with his sleeve. “Goodbye,” he says, even though it’s the last thing he wants to say.

But this was never supposed to be forever. He was just passing through in their lives and they will get to live their happily ever after without him.

Tommy knows that he can never truly move on from Dream, but he’s glad he could be the one who helps Harley move on from hers. It’s cathartic, almost a metaphor if he really gave a shit about that sort of thing, but most of all... it was his only way to repay her kindness.

And so he steps through the portal, back to the SMP with his best friends, and knows that he doesn't need revenge to feel content.

## Chapter End Notes

and it's over! it's very surreal to know that i'm finally bringing this story to a close. if you're wondering what got me to write the final four chapters in a week after not updating for months, i had been working on 911 projects but reached a standstill and made it my goal to finally finish my projects that only had a few more chapters left.

i know that i had planned 15 chapters, but when i was writing this one, i realized that i had to combine the last two chapters. i hope that this is a satisfying ending for you all. i know that it got quite serious near the end (which is definitely the fault of me writing serious 911 fic for the last month) but it can't be an impravidus crack story without having an abrupt change into serious tone.

thank you for all of your support. thank you for the comments and encouragement. thank you in particular to the Smallest server and my impravidus server for all the help you've given me while writing this story. and thank you for sticking around! i hope you enjoyed.

with love,  
impravidus

## End Notes

if you want to chat, join my [Discord](#) server, or check out my original music and socials, go to my [Linktree](#)!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!